THE CONSTELLATION.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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REMARKS,

BY ISRAEL ICICLE.

OATHS should never be taken except when required by law, and even then, their sanctity is greatly impaired by frequent repetition. But there is another class of oaths—a kind of every day swearing—of which no one can be guilty, and at the same time retain the esteem of those whose esteem is worth having. I know not a more disgusting object, than a grey-headed swearer—one, who has grown old in uttering senseless yet impious epithets—in whom age has produced no reform and to whom experience has taught no lessons but those of blasphemy. An habitual swearer, like an habitual drunkard, is past all hope of reform.

RAIL ROADS. Who can predict the consequences of the invention of the steam engine? Already has it been applied to a thousand purposes, which at first were not even dreamed of—already has a myriad of machines started into existence, and commenced their never-ceasing round under its magic touch. Last not least, the steam engine in its application to rail roads, is destined to achieve upon land even greater wonders than it has already achieved upon water—to triumph over time and space—to bring together the remotest parts of the world—to make the absent present—those afar off near. What facilities of intercourse will this wide-spread country present, when it is traversed—as doubtless in not many years it will be, by rail roads, on all the principal routes between the large cities? Maine and Mississippi will then be but a few days ride from each other—the Alleghanies will no longer be a formidable barrier between the Eastern and the Western States—the people of the north will be, as it were, in the neighborhood of the people of the south—the emigrant beyond the great lakes will come at frequent intervals, to revisit his kindred and birthplace, on the shores of the Atlantic. Who—who can predict the great moral as well as physical consequences of such facilities of intercourse?

A NEW COAT. Give me a new coat, says an old proverb, and I will give you a friend for each of its stitches. So great is the influence that dress has with the larger portion of mankind, that one with a new coat on shall be recognized by many of his acquaintances, who would not deign to acknowledge him in an old one. In Pope's time, worth made the man; in our day it is the tailor that makes him. A spendthrift with not a cent in his pocket, but with a dashy dress, will pass for a man of consequence, while the economical rich man, with a thread bare coat, will be hustled among the crowd as an useless piece of furniture.

ROAST LAMB. I have an utter abhorrence to roast lamb. When a boy at school, my landlady for six weeks in spring would feed her boarders with young lambs who were thrust on the spit for our table before their bodies had acquired flesh enough to keep their bones from falling to pieces. These same lambkins, like mites in a cheese, are interesting objects when skipping about in the fields, but the former have no more claims to be placed upon the table than the latter. To some persons of peculiar tastes they are both vastly acceptable—but not so to me—the sight of a leg of lamb gives me a twinge of conscience I do not get over for a fortnight.

OFFICE SEEKERS. Those *out* of power or place, says Lady Betty Germain, always see the faults of those *in*, with dreadful large spectacles—every fault is magnified into a crime—every molehill into a mountain. And why? Is it because the former have the good of their country more at heart than the latter, and that they detect errors in its government only that they may be corrected? By no means. This fault-finding disposition is the result sometimes of envy and disappointed ambition, but oftener of design and policy. They, who indulge in it, would thereby fain persuade the people that if they can so easily point out mistakes in others, they are themselves the most competent to remedy or avoid them. Fools! as if every clown who undertakes to criticise a master-piece of art, is therefore to set up as painter, an architect, or sculptor!

MARCHING BACKWARDS.

The captain of a militia company, as every body knows, is, in the country, an officer of great dignity and importance. In what manner the incumbent frequently discharges the duties of this office may be gathered from the following incident. The captain of whom we now speak, had but recently been elected when he brought out his company for the first time to parade. His own house being on the green, he of course took the opportunity to exercise his men immediately in front of it, in order that his new-married wife might see how finely he looked in his regimentals. Every variety of evolutions, of which our hero was master, was executed on the occasion—the cross, and the hollow square, and the wedge, were all formed —the difficult manœuvre of whipping the snake was likewise attempted, and from the folds of its entanglements our commander issued forth with his men at his heels, like a conqueror flushed with victory.

At length the hour for breaking up arrived and the whole corps was drawn up in military array directly in front of the captain's mansion, where, after having discharged a grand salute, a splendid collation awaited them. Being a little too near the building for the safety of its windows, their commander gives the word to retreat three steps in the rear. The company commences the backward march, and our captain, as if to encourage his men by his example, performs the same evolution—

"One—halt! fellow soldiers—eyes front—two—look right at me the whole boodle on you and see how I marches--three—"

The last words had hardly escaped from the lips of the captain, when, suiting the action to the word, he made his third step backward and headlong he went down his own cellar, the door of which had accidently been left open. The whole company seeing the disaster, rushed to his assistance—but the first person on the spot was the wife of our hero who ringing her hands begged to know whether he was hurt. Our fallen hero, though somewhat rumpled in his regimentals, raised himself with all becoming dignity and looking upon his better half with an eye of mortification and anger he exclaimed—

"Woman! go away! what do you know of war!"

The corps set up a shout at the gallant speech of their commander, and discharged their muskets as soon as he escaped from the cellar. D.

THE WRONG MAN.

A few days since, among other travellers that took lodgings for the night at the Eastern Stage House, in Boston, were a couple of Irishmen, who were to leave the next morning, the one for Providence, and the other for a place somewhere in New-Hampshire, called Keene. At four in the morning the Providence stage coach drove up—the horn wound a shrill blast, but not shrill enough to rouse the sleeping Irishmen, and the waiter was despatched to summon him who was first to take his departure. In a short time he made his appearance, half dressed and half waked, and having taken a glass of bitters at the bar, he threw himself into the coach, and long ere the sun had risen, he was whirling away, with a dozen other passengers, among the hills and dales on the road to Providence.

At Dedham our traveller again moistened his whistle with another dram—this operation he repeated at every stopping place, till at length there wanted but a few miles before reaching Providence. Our Irishman, who had not been remarkably talkative during the ride, notwithstanding the efforts of a Yankee to make something out of him, now thrust his head from the stage coach and took an observation—then turning to one of the passengers he inquired,

"And can you tell me, man, how far it may be to Kane?"

"To Keene, did you say?" asked the other.

"Aye, and to Kane I said, and what should I say but Kane?"

"Why, it may be a hundred and fifty miles or more," said the other.

"And surely, now," said the Irishman, "isn't this the road to Kane?"

"To Keene, far from it—we are going in an opposite direction, and are now within a few miles of Providence."

"And sure, if you are right, there is some mistake here. Driver! driver! stop, driver!" exclaimed the Irishman, "I took passage for Kane and here you are carrying me to Providence, and sure now you have got the wrong man—put me down, driver,"

So saying, our Irishman, after travelling the whole morning a distance of more than thirty miles, in a direction opposite to the one he intended, got out of the stage and shouldering his pack, forthwith commenced retracing on foot the journey back to Boston. D.

[For the Constellation.]

If it be true that "mankind, as rational creatures, are in a perpetual progress of improvement travelling on from perfection to perfection," it is equally true that they are often retarded in their advancement by that fertile source of mischief to human life, the misrule of passion. Thus, when reason, aided by ambition, the master spirit of the human mind, has delineated the course for us to pursue, in order to attain a favorite object, we readily follow our guide, and employ the various means in our power, that we may accomplish our original design. But perchance some unforseen incident presents to us insurmountable difficulties, or the paramount interests and claims of others compel us to relinquish all those high-wrought expectations of pre-eminence, while we flattered ourselves with their entire consummation. And it is then that we experience all the evils that flow from the indulgence of unrestrained passions, and evince the malevolence of our natural dispositions by contumely and abuse, which we most virulently bestow upon the perhaps innocent instruments of our chagrin and disappointment. This truth, though satisfactorily verified to the acute discernment of a philosophic mind, in almost every daily occurrence, appears to be more particularly substantiated by those great and unhappy collisions between different nations, arising from the inimical feelings of envy and jealousy in their respective sovereigns. Nor is it less true, that when some external or adverse circumstance has produced an undue excitement in the mind, and while influenced by other impressions than those which may result from mature deliberation, we often defeat those purposes which we have labored so assiduously to accomplish. So numerous, and indeed so powerful, are the causes which serve to excite the passions beyond their proper medium, that, while acting under their immediate influence, we are often constrained to perform those actions which are unworthy of our character. And had we viewed them with calm and tranquil minds, we could not have hesitated for a moment to regard them as deserving the most unqualified censure. But such is the selfishness of human nature, that, upon many occasions we see men whose superior talents and unequivocal discernment have placed them in the most eminent and responsible public stations, pursuing a course which is inservient only to their own private interest; and which is far from being conducive to the general good. And so tenacious are they of privileges once obtained, that they still adhere to such a course, although aware that they are effecting the ultimate ruin of many of their fellow creatures. Mutual jealousies are often excited in the mind by trivial causes, which, instead of producing a cordiality of feeling and liberality of sentiment, tend to destroy those feelings of disinterested friendship and affection, so necessary to the progress of mental improvement, and to preserve the harmony of social intercourse. Among the principal of those causes, to which I allude, are the imperfectness of all human conceptions, the vast disparity in the fortunes and avocations of men, and the different advantages they may have possessed while young of acquiring such useful information as will accelerate the growth of reason and understanding, and elevate their minds to that exalted dignity to which they naturally aspire. But so directly opposite are the pursuits of men, that they afford an ample field for the cultivation of these reciprocal prejudices and sentiments of distrust, which unhappily for the refinement of society, so often disturb its tranquillity. W.

How to dispose of old stock. A pedlar of tin ware, who had been travelling from plantation to plantation with his cargo of "notions," found but a limited sale for his lanterns, an article of which he had a large stock. In despair of getting rid of them, he offered them at what he called, "a very reduced price," yet, he found purchasers as scarce as clover in the sand hills. At length a tavern-keeper directed him to a farmer who he said, was very much in want of the article. To the house of this ready customer went Jonathan, determined to get his trouble's worth out of him. The first person he met was the overseer, who was lounging by the side of the road. "You don't want to buy a lantern, do you?" asked Jonathan. "Yes, though I reckon I do," returned the overseer—"how much mought you ask for one?" "Only thirty-seven and a half cents." "Well, 'spose you gin me one" The pedlar accordingly gave him a lantern, and receiving his money proceeded onwards.

"You don't want to buy a first rate lantern, do you?" said he to the overseer's wife, who was washing clothes at the spring. "Yes," was the reply, "Mr. B—— has been wanting one this long while." Jonathan accordingly served her out one at the same price he had bargained with her husband for. At the barn, before he reached the farm house, he met the son of the planter—"You don't want to buy no lanterns, do you?" "I don't want one myself," replied the young man, "but I'll take one for father, who has been after one this long while." Jonathan accordingly pocketed another thirty-seven and a half cents, and became one lantern lighter.

He now advanced boldly up to the house, and meeting the old lady at the door, immediately put the question to her—"You don't want to buy no first rate lanterns, do you?" "Indeed, but I do," said the old lady, "my husband has been wanting one these six months past—and I'm glad you've come." Jonathan accordingly deposited a lantern with her, and received in return another thirty-seven and a half cents.

He now departed, almost satisfied with the *spec* he had made. At some distance from the house, in a field by the side of the road he espied the old gentleman himself, and hailed him with the old question, "You don't want to buy no first rate lanterns, do you?" "How much do you ask a-piece?" inquired the planter. "Fifty cents," replied the tin-pedlar; "and I guess that's cheap enough, considerin' they've come all the way from Connecticut." "Well, I'll take one"—said the old gentleman, putting his hand in his pocket.—"Had'nt you better take half a dozen?" asked Jonathan, "there's no knowing when a tin-merchant may pass this way again. If you'll take a half-dozen, I'll let you have them for thirty-seven and a half cents a-piece." The planter took him to his word—and the pedlar took to his route after having disposed of ten lanterns.

Baltimore Minerva.

Cowper the Poet. Johnny of Norfolk, alias Dr. Johnson, is a creature of extraordinary simplicity. He is not unlike Dalton the lecturer. He is, I believe, a man of great kindness and worth, and even of learning. We talked much of Cowper. The truth respecting that extraordinary genius is, that he is a lunatic of the melancholy kind, with occasional lucid intervals. Johnny said that Cowper firmly believed that good and evil spirits haunted his couch every night, and that the influence of the last generally prevailed. For the last five years of his life a perpetual gloom hung over him; he was never observed to smile. I asked Johnny whether he suspected the people about him of bad intentions, (which seems to me the Shibboleth of insanity,) and he told me that he very often did. "For instance," observd he, "he said there were two Johnnies: one the real man, the other an evil spirit in his shape; and, when he used to come in his room in the morning, he used to look me full in the face, inquiringly, and turn off with a look of benevolence or of anguish, as he thought me a man or a devil!" He had dreadful stomach complaints, and drank immense quantities of tea. He was indulged in every thing, even in his wildest imaginations. It would have been better if he had been regulated in all respects. The life and death of the philosophic Gibbon formed a singular contrast to those of this unhappy poet. Mrs. Holroyd describes him as a man of the most correct manners, and of the most equal temper; calm and rather dignified, and conversing with all the flow of his writings. He was devoted to all the comforts of life, and liked the elegancies and even delicacies of the table, but ate and drank sparingly. A few days before he died, he conversed on a future state with Mrs, Holroyd, of which he spoke as one having little or no hope: but professed that neither then, nor at any other time, had he ever felt the horror which some express of annihilation.

Memoirs of Dr. Currie.

MISCELLANY.

KOSCIUSKO.

Thaddeus Kosciusko, citizen soldier, one of the last and most illustrious defenders of the liberties of Poland, his unfortunate country, was born in the year 1756, of a noble but poor family, and received his first education at Warsaw, in the company of Cadets. He distinguished himself among them by his good conduct, his application to study, his knowledge of the mathematics, and of the art of drawing. The first prize young Kosciusko's merits obtained was to be included in the number of the four students who were sent, at the public expense, into foreign countries to perfect their studies. He remained several years in France constantly applied to the study of science, and particularly that which relates to the art of war, relaxing from his labors to cultivate letters and the fine arts. On his return to Poland, he obtained military service, and was named commander of a company; but his country having then no urgent need of his arm, and the banner of liberty floating in the New World, Kosciusko hastened to cross the Atlantic and offer his services to Gen. Washington. The American hero soon had an opportunity of appreciating the valor and military talents of the Polish warrior; he made him his adjutant, gave him his entire confidence, and employed him in the most difficult affairs. The companion of Lafayette, Lameth, Gimas, and other French soldiers, he acquired their unlimited esteem and friendship. He was loaded with the praises of the celebrated Franklin, and received the public thanks of the Congress of the thirteen provinces. After the peace, and the solemn recognition of the independence of the United States of America by England, and by the other European powers, Kosciusko returned to Poland. He there lived in retirement until 1789. At that epoch, King Stanislaus and the Polish diet attempted to oppose the domineering influence of the Empress Catharine II., and her allies. Kosciusko was nominated General Major by the diet. The 3d of May, 1791, the King, and all the Polish nation, adopted with enthusiasm a free constitution; but they had neglected to solicit of the great Autocrat of all the Russias the permission of being free and happy, and she sent an army to chastise this people whom she already treated as rebels. The young prince Joseph Poniatowsky was entrusted with the defence of his country against the invasion of the Russians. Kosciusko held under him the command of a division, performed prodigies of valor throughout all the campaign, and excited a general enthusiasm in the army by his brilliant conduct at the bloody engagement of Dubienska. But his zeal and pure blood spilt for his country, could not save her from a foreign yoke. The weak Stanislaus, intimidated by the menaces of her who had not always shown him so much rigor, hastened to negotiate, and at last submitted to the entire will of Catharine. As soon as the shameful treaty of slavery was concluded, Kosciusko, and sixteen other patriot chiefs, retired from their employments. A short time after, he was forced to exile himself from his country, subjugated by the Russians, and he retired to Leipsic. The Legislative Assembly of France honored his patriotism by sending him the title of French citizen. In the beginning of 1794, he returned by a circuitous route to Poland, having been informed that the patriots of Warsaw were ready to begin a revolutionary movement, and that there was no time to lose, since the Russians were disbanding successively all the national troops. Kosciusko entered the town in the month of February, at the moment Madalinsky was ordered by the Russian General Igelstrom to licentiate his regiment; but instead of obeying, Madalinsky unfurled the banner of Liberty, and drove the Russians from Cracow. On the 24th of March, the citizens of that town drew up the act of Polish Independence, and issued their proclamations in every part of the kingdom. Kosciusko was declared supreme chief of the national forces, and invested with a general dictatorship, as well for military and civil affairs, as for political relations with foreign powers. His wisdom and moderation were well known, and no other limits were placed to his power save those of virtue. He proved himself worthy of that high confidence, and even his enemies could never accuse him of making bad use of his authority. The first use he made of it was to quit Cracow, and to put himself at the head of 4,000 men, the arms of the greater part of whom were pikes and scythes. With this feeble corps, and without artillery, he did not hesitate to march against 12,000 Russians, amply provided with ammunition of all sorts. There was not a moment to lose; other troops of the enemy were on the point of forming a junction with these. Kosciusko exhorted his soldiers to follow his example—to vanquish or die. He attacked the Russians with the greatest impetuosity, near Wraclawice, completely defeated them, took 12 pieces of cannon, and made 3,000 prisoners. His soldiers were worthy of their chief: a body of peasants, armed only with scythes, were seen precipitating themselves on the Russian batteries, and carrying them off. After several successful actions he repaired to Warsaw to organize the government, but the approach of a new and formidable army soon forced him to quit it to engage again in fresh combats. The King of Prussia entered Poland at the head of an army of 40,000 men; Kosciusko had but about 15,000 to oppose him. He was, however, bold enough to attack the Prussians near Szczekociny, on the memorable 8th of June. The battle was bloody, and victory long undecided. After having two horses killed under him, and lost a great number of men, Kosciusko succeeded, however, in occupying a strong position before Warsaw, and in covering that town, which the Prussians could not take. The King of Prussia having united fresh forces, with whom several Russian corps had formed a junction, immediately invested the town. But he employed in vain all the resources of force and art to reduce it; the citizens were menaced with total destruction; the Polish officers were offered the continuation of their ranks and new favors if they would abandon Kosciusco. They all renewed their oath to conquer or perish with him. During two months the most sanguinary engagements took place every day. A general assault was at length resolved on; but the patriots repulsed the Prussians and Russians with considerable loss. Frederick William then saw himself obliged to raise the siege, and to retire with all haste to Prussian-Poland, where a general insurrection had just broke forth. Kosciusko detached several corps in pursuit of him, and was preparing to place himself at the head of a little army to penetrate into Lithuania. But the Russian General Suwarrow, become since so famous, had already entered that province, and had defeated the patriot Sierakowski near Brzesc. On the other hand Gen. Fersen advanced rapidly at the head of a considerable body to join Suwarrow. Kosciusko resolved, at all hazards, to prevent this junction; he left Warsaw in September; but fortune, that had till then seconded his valor, soon betrayed him. The orders he had sent to Gen. Poninski were intercepted by the Russians; the corps of that chief could not join him, and the important pass of a river was forced by the enemy; at last, on the 9th Oct., Kosciusko was attacked by the army of Generson, three times superior to his own. The battle of Maciejowice, the most bloody and most fatal to the Poles, lasted an entire day; the Russians were twice repulsed, and prodigies of valor rendered the fortune of the day doubtful, when Kosciusko fell senseless, pierced with wounds. He had made his attendants swear not to abandon him living to the power of the Russians, and it is asserted that some Polish horsemen, not being able to rescue his body, struck him with their sabres on the head, and left him for dead on the field of battle. The Cossaques were already preparing to strip his dead body when he was recognized by some officers. As soon as the name of Kosciusko was pronounced, even the Cossaques themselves testified the respect due to courage and misfortune. All the aid of art was lavished on him, and he was treated with the greatest regard. But an order soon arrived to have him transported to Petersburgh, where Catharine, who was sometimes generous, but then too much irritated to be so, had him plunged into a dungeon. He would, without doubt, have terminated his career in prison, or augmented the number of wretched Poles who already languished in the deserts of Siberia, if the death of the Empress had not come to change his destiny. One of the first acts of Paul I. was to render homage to the virtues of Kosciusko. He not only immediately set him at liberty, but granted him a pension, which the noble Pole would not touch, and the brevet of which he sent back as soon as he touched a soil beyond the fear of Russian influence. When his numerous wounds were healed, Kosciusko repaired to America, where he was received as a citizen hero should be, who had been lavish of his blood in the two worlds for the sacred cause of liberty. In 1798 he returned to France, where the same honors awaited him; at Paris every faction united in celebrating his arrival, and his countrymen of the army of Italy, having found, at the taking of Loretto, the sabre of an ancient defender of Poland and Germany, John Sobiesky, who had vanquished the Turks under the walls of Vienna, judged Kosciusko alone worthy of possessing the weapon, and sent it to him. Kosciusko preferred the sojourn of France to any other, and remained there a long time, without accepting, however, any employment. The Polish hero, in a humble retreat in the country, occupied his leisure hours in rustic labor, and like the great Condé at Chantilly, amused himself with the culture of flowers. But he did not cease to be attentive to the destiny of his country, and to give useful lessons to his fellow-citizens. In 1814, when France was invaded by foreign troops, Kosciusko happened to be at a country-house, in the environs of Fontainbleau. The commune he inhabited was devastated by plundering mercenaries; he threw himself among them, protected the citizens, and indignantly addressed the officers of a Polish regiment he met, and whose soldiers were not the least eager in the pillage. "When I commanded brave soldiers (exclaimed he) they did not plunder; and I would have severely punished the subalterns who would have dared to commit the actions I now witness, and still more severely the officers who should authorize them by their blameable indifference." "And who are you, that speak with so much boldness?" was the question on every side. "I am Kosciusko!" At this name, the soldiers threw down their arms, supplicated him to pardon the fault they had just been guilty of, prostrated themselves at his feet, and according to the custom of their nation, covered their heads with dust. Kosciusko, unable to support the dismal spectacle that the country he loved next to his own presented, at this epoch quitted France, and, after travelling for some time in Italy, at last retired to Soleure in Switzerland. It is from thence that we must date the last remarkable act of his life. In 1817, in presence of the magistrates, and registered by a public notary, he abolished slavery on his estate at Siechnowicze, in Poland, declaring free and exempt from all charges and personal services the ancient serfs of his lands. A deplorable accident a short time after put an end to his glorious career. His horse fell under him, and a grievous wound, the consequence of his fall, occasioned his death a few days afterwards. The Old and New world were afflicted by the news. His body was at first deposited in the church at Soleure; but his grateful country soon claimed the remains of her greatest man. The Polish ladies with unanimous accord put on deep mourning, and wore it as if for a father. His ashes now repose in the metropolitan church of Cracow, between those of Sobiesksa and Poniatowski. A colossal monument will be elevated to him; and the brave of every country have desired to participate in the expense. But his memory will last still longer than the monuments elevated by the hands of men; and his glory, without a stain, which even misfortune could not sully, will be perpetuated from age to age. The name of Kosciusko will be pronounced with veneration as long as there exist beings who know virtue and cherish liberty.

English paper.

The thistle is armed with short prickles; the mallow is soft and woolly.

THE FAIRIES OF THE INN.

> ——"There is no beggars in this country, but there be witches, too many—bottle-bellied witches"
>
> Josselyn's "Rarities of New England."

More than half a century has elapsed since the events, which we are about to relate, occurred in the small, but somewhat famous town of S——, in New Hampshire. The story indeed comes to us with the twilight haze of tradition lingering about it—but we have no doubt of its correctness, having received it from the lips of those who had an intimate concern with it.

Nehemiah —— was the keeper of a small tavern on the road leading from Boston to Londonderry, N. H.—a place famous in the olden time for its annual fair—its horse-races, and its huge Irishmen. He was a fat, indolent fellow—and in his matrimonial partnership, was, to use a common but expressive phrase, *hen-pecked*. Too cowardly to rebel against his domestic Jezabel he was compelled to smother his wrath entirely, or vent it upon the heads of his customers. These convenient appendages of a tavern consequently dropped away from him one by one, unwilling to encounter the splenetic outrages of "mine host"—for the sake of enjoying his beggarly accommodations, consisting, as they did, of a leaky house, not remarkable for its cleanliness, where the flea and the bug were the constant bedfellows of the traveller: and an old and wind-shaken stable, from which the traveller's horse always came out half starved, with his ribs showing as plainly as the bars of the naked rack to which he had been fastened.

In proportion as his guests diminished did Nehemiah wax choleric and spiteful. If he furnished, by a rare chance, a mug of flip to some thirsty teamster, he muttered of hard times, miserable customers, and withal, seasoned his murmurs with such oaths, and wore such a fierce scowl upon his hard, ugly countenance, that his guest incontinently shrunk from him, as he received the foaming beverage, as if he feared that the red hot flip iron would be plunged down his opening gullet. If, as was not unfrequently the case, the harsh manners of Nehemiah provoked the customer to retaliation, the landlady, a large, plump-visaged, Irish woman, uniformly took the part of her husband. Like the rival factions in the besieged city of the Jews, the hopeful pair could quarrel with each other until the approach of a common enemy compelled them to unite for mutual defence.

The house at last became a *private* instead of a *public* one. The loaded double sleighs of the up country farmers, conveying pork and grain to the Bay State, passed on without stopping for a moment, even to breathe their jaded horses. The pedestrian, with his throat parching for the lack of a drop of liquor, hurried onward, as he passed the deserted tavern-house, as if he feared the evil spirit of Discord within its walls would be dogging at his heels. Board after board and shingle after shingle fell from the dilapidated stable, and pane after pane of window glass in the wretched mansion gave place to rags, dish cloths and discarded petticoats. The whole establishment was in a short time a very picture of ruin, and to complete the work of desolation some mischievous roysterers from Derry Fair,

> "Their hearts soft with whiskey—their heads soft with blows,"

upset the tavern sign-post and prostrated its painted honors in the dust.

By some strange disposition of matters, "the lame and the lazy are always provided for." One Sunday evening a crowd of venerable gossips were seen, after church, entering the inhospitable inn of S——. It was noted that their countenances betokened something of great moment, for the significant wink—the intelligent nod, and the low, hoarse whisper, gave evidence of business of no trifling import. They returned, after an hour's stay with faces wonderfully elongated, and proceeded straightway to the house of the Minister of the Parish, to whom, as in duty bound, they imparted the secret of their expedition; and after charging one another for the fiftieth time to "say nothing about it" they separated in different directions to spread their marvellous intelligence, imparting it to each individual as a *very* particular secret. Before ten o'clock that evening the whole matter was divulged to every man, woman and child in the neighborhood.

And what think you, reader, *was* this secret? Alas, for these degenerate days, when every thing must be proved to mathematical exactness—when nothing is taken upon trust—when the fiat of all the gossips, and the fulminations reverberated from the sounding-boards of every pulpit in Christendom, cannot turn one of our self-willed obstinate generation against his own established evidence of matters and things!—Would it be believed, although a dozen goodly women, backed by their parson, asserted it, that a company of fairies, or invisible spirits had established themselves in a country Inn to hold marvelous converse with all who might have the temerity to question them? Yet such was substantially the tale which the good gossips, before mentioned, circulated, in their neighborhood and which was religiously believed by the people of S——.

Early the next morning an unusual spectacle was witnessed at the Tavern house. Old and young, the lame, the halt and the blind were seen crowding into the narrow enclosure in front of the decaying mansion. The owner of it stood stiffly in the door way.

"Let us come in neighbor, and hear your leetle fairies," said a dozen voices.

"Not without payin' for't" rejoined Nehemiah in a spiteful tone.

"No that ye shan't, not a mother's son of ye cried the landlady thrusting her rubicund visage over the shoulder of her helpmate. "You've kept away, ye spalpeens, a' purpose to starve an honest family, dependin' on the like of ye, for a dacent livin'; and now ye'd be after spaken' with our swate little fairies, without so much as payin' for't! Kape your distance ye riprobates!" The heavy handle of her birchen broom protruded as she spoke, and the crowd who knew full well the temperament of its owner, recoiled hastily from it.

"Let us send for the minister," whispered an old lady in the ear of her companions. The proposition was acceded to, and a messenger was forthwith despatched to the house of the clergyman.

The reverend gentleman accordingly made his appearance—a plain, honest, really pious man, generally intelligent, but exceedingly credulous upon subjects connected with demonology, witchcraft, and familiar dealing with the Prince of Darkness. Even the innkeeper and his termagant wife dared not resist his application; and he was admitted with all due willingness into the enchanted inn. The Clergyman passed into the middle of the room, when a low squeaking, child like voice pronounced his name, and demanded his errand. The good man, startled, but not dismayed, began to question this invisible speaker relative to some peculiar points of faith. The voice was silent. "Hoo!—Mr. Minister," said the landlady, "do you think the heathen little fairies know any thing about yer orthodoxy?" Admonished by this interrogation that his auditors were no Christians, the good man proceeded to inquire who they were who spoke, and what was their business, to all which he received satisfactory answers. They were fairies, who had come all the way from Fairy land to talk with the people of S——. The clergyman on his egress from the mansion, assured the crowd who had waited his appearance with no little impatience, that he was perfectly satisfied that the voices he had heard were none other than those of spirits from the invisible world.

The good people without, more anxious than ever to penetrate the mystery, readily agreed to the payment of the price of admittance which had been fixed upon by Nehemiah and his partner. The countenance of the innkeeper, as his pockets received their unwonted visitation of silver, brightened up, and something like a smile of good nature beamed over features which for years could have been likened to nothing more appropriate than those of an ill-tempered baboon.

The visiters were satisfied of the supernatural character of the voices which answered to their interrogatories—they spread the wonderful news still further, and the before deserted inn became thronged with visitants. Money poured profusely into the pockets of the inn-keeper; for nobody dreamed of passing his house without calling to hear the wonderful voices of the fairies. The teamster paused in his journey, and paid without a scruple the price of admission to the far-famed mystery—the young girls who were, or imagined themselves, in love, visited the little fairies to learn the dispositions of their sweethearts;—and, in short, all classes thronged to the inn of Nehemiah, insomuch that the old people of the vicinity, when speaking of the subject, say that the house was as full of heads as Derry Common used to be in Fair Time.

Nehemiah suddenly felt himself rising in the world, and in despite of the remonstrances of his wife—(money had made him in a degree independent of her)—he set about repairing his house and stable, and his whole establishment soon presented a neat and comfortable appearance. His good luck might have continued for years, had not an unlucky quarrel with his "better half," revealed an all-important secret to the astonished ears of his customers in the new and supernatural line of his business. An immediate search amidst the intricacies of an old fashioned chimney discovered the fairy—the wonderful and preternatural visitant—in the shape of the hopeful daughter of the hopeful couple—a mischievous witch of some eight or ten years of age, who, at the suggestion of her parents, had so successfully played the fairy from her hiding place.

POETRY.

From the Providence Patriot.

PRINTING OFFICE MELODIES.

THE PRESSMEN.

Pull up, my boys, turn quick the *rounce*,
And let the work begin;
The world is pressing on without,
And we must *press* within—
And we who guide the public mind,
Have influence far and wide,
And all our deeds are good, although
The *devil's* at our side.

Let fly the frisket now my boys!
Who are more proud than we—
While wait the anxious crowd without,
The force of *power* to see;
So pull away—none are so great,
As they who run the *car;*
And who have dignity like those
That practice at the *bar;*

And you who twirl the *roller* there,
Be quick, you inky man;
Old Time is *rolling on* himself,
So beat him if you can;
Be careful of the *light* and *shade*,
Nor let the sheet grow pale;
Be careful of the *monkey* looks
Of ever *head* and *tale*.

Though *high* in *office* is our *stand*,
And *pi*-ous is our *case*,
We would not cast a *slur* on those,
Who fill our lower place;
The gaping world is fed by us,
Who retail knowledge here;
By feeding that we *feed* ourselves,
Nor deem our fare too dear.

Pull up, my boys, turn quick the rounce,
And thus the *chase* we'll join;
We have deposits in the *bank*,
Our draws are full of *coin;*
And who should more genteelly cut
A *figure* or a *dash?*
Yet sometimes we who *press* so much,
Ourselves are *pressed* for cash.

TYPO.

THE ORGANIST AND BELLOWS BLOWER.

Within a certain church there were two fellows,
One play'd the organ, t'other blew the bellows.
The morning service decently gone through,
Sir, said the fellow who the bellows blew,
"Well, Mr. Organist, *we* play quite well."
"WE, Mr. Bellows blower—let me tell
You, that 'tis far beyond my power to see
Why you should have the assurance to say *we:*
I am the only player." "Well, good bye—
And in the afternoon again we'll try.
The afternoon arrived, and after dinner
Within the church assembled many a sinner,
The parson read the psalm, the tune was given,
The player touch'd the keys; but, gracious heav'n,
No. sound was heard save "Blow, you rascal,
blow."
"Say WE, and then I will—I'll let you know
That you can't play a note deprived of me."
"WE, WE, then, blast you, blow away, WE, WE."
The bellows blower, being satisfied,
With care and industry the bellows plied,
The organist, with wond'rous skill and art,
Through all the services performed his part,
And own'd for all, of high and low degree,
'Twas just, and right, and proper, to say WE;
That no one is of others independent;
You have my tale and moral—here's the end on't.

SEEK NOT WITH GOLD OR GLITTERING GEM.

WRITTEN BY T. H. BAILEY.

Seek not with gold or glitt'ring gem,
My simple heart to move;
To share a kingly diadem,
Would never gain my love.
The heart that's form'd in Virtue's mould,
For heart should be exchanged;
The love that once is bought with gold,
May be by gold estranged.

Can wealth relieve the lab'ring mind?
Or calm the soul to rest?
What healing balm can riches find
To soothe the bleeding breast?
'Tis love, and love, alone, has pow'r
To bless without alloy;
To cheer afflictions darkest hour,
And heighten every joy.

REVENGE TO THE VERY LETTER.

As John and Mary sat at dinner,
Mary exclaim'd, in playful rage,
"I'll pinch thine arm, as I'm a sinner,
And make thee suffer, I'll engage."
Said John, "Were we in serious strife,
And you should dare a *pinch* to give,
I'd give you such a *punch*, good wife,
You'd ne'er forget it while you live."

"A *punch* for but a *pinch!* oh, dear,
That's very hard!" was Jane's reply.
"'Twould serve," quoth John, "to point out clear
The difference 'tween 'U' and 'I.'"

VARIETY.

Marriage.—There is one circumstance, one event of human life, and that by no means of a trivial nature, over which the influence of Fortune's pipe is considered supreme. It is agreed that "marriage goes by destiny."—Here "luck" reigns paramount, and "good guidance" is useless. No precautions can assure a woman against a faithless husband; while unions contracted under the most apparently unfavorable auspices, sometimes afford very edifying examples of conjugal felicity. A ten years' courtship will not prevent quarrels in the honey moon, while an affection sown suddenly at a ball, and of which the harvest follows in six weeks, shall endure unchangeable, all the buffets of life. Couples arrived at years of discretion, have preceeded gradually and steadily through the grammar of Love, and when duly qualified for a matrimonial degree, have advanced in the most decorous manner, and after the most approved method, to the altar of Hymen, Cupid and Minerva preceding them hand in hand, and plenty of congratulating relations following in bridal attire, and a life *a la cat and dog* has been the result; while boys and girls, scarcely half way in their teens, have fallen in love at battledoor and shuttlecock, galloped off the next morning to Gretna Green, been married by a blacksmith, and thrown two whole families into hystericks, who have afterwards passed their youth like turtle-doves, their maturer years like the tenderest of friends, and their old age like Darby and Joan.

These strange anomalies are not to be denied, but they afford little encouragement to imprudence, since misery may and often does follow it, and there is, undoubtedly, no misery equal to self-reproach. If we cannot ensure success, we may at least deserve it.

New Monthly Magazine.

Cure by confidence. "The following anecdote, which was lately communicated to me by Mr. Coleridge, will not only illustrate a trait of character, but furnish a salutary lesson to the credulous patron of empires. As soon as the powers of nitrous oxide were discovered, Dr. Beddos at once concluded that it must necessarily be a specific for paralysis. A patient was selected for the trial; and the management of it was entrusted to Davy. Previous to the administration of the gass he inserted a small pocket thermometer under the tongue of the patient, as he was accustomed to do so on all occasions, to ascertain the degree of animal temperature, with a view to future comparison. The paralytic man, wholly ignorant of the nature of the process to which he was to submit, but deeply impressed, from the representation of Dr. Beddoes, with the certainty of its success, no sooner felt the thermonter between his teeth than he concluded that the talisman was in full operation, and, in a burst of enthusiasm, declared that he already experienced the effect of its benign influence throughout his whole body; the opportunity was too good to be lost—Davy cast an intelligent glance at Mr. Coleridge, and desired the patient to renew his visit on the following day, when the same ceremony was again performed, and repeated every succeeding day for a fortnight, the patient gradually improving during the period, when he was dismissed as cured, no other application having been used than that of the thermometer. Dr. Beddoes, from whom the circumstances of the case had been intentionally concealed, saw in the restoration of the patient the confirmation of opinion, and the fulfilment of his most ardent hope—nitrous oxide was a specific remedy for paralysis! "It was criminal to retard the general promulgation of so important a discovery; it were cruel to delay the communication of the fact until the publication of another volume of his "*Contributions;*" the periodical magazines were too slow in their rate of travelling—a flying pamphlet would be more expeditious; paragraphs in the newspapers; circulars to the hospitals; such were the reflections and plans which successively agitated the physician's mind, when his eyes were opened to the unwelcome truth by Davy's confessin the delusion that had been practised."

Paris's Life of Davy.

A celebrated dentist extracts teeth without pain. "How is this?" we asked. "Why," says a friend, "it is done by making a fulcrum of the other teeth, the pressure on which by a sort of lever is so painful, that the pain is taken away, or appears to be so, from the tooth operated on." This is like taking away the smell of onions by using assafetida.

Fashions in Music for the New Year.—The fine, manly instrument, the guitar, has become greatly in favor with gentlemen of lank attenuated features, who have pretensions to a romantic bearing. Ladies have declared against the flute. It wrinkles and screws the features; destroys the integrity of the mouth; abstracts the attention; occasions a hideous argute noise, attended at times with snorting. Against the piano forte it is objected that it absorbs too much of the mind and legs; and that it has, moreover, a tendency to render the back humped, which the performer is compelled to turn to the company. The violin has never been in favor with the fair sex. It is associated with the idea of a dancing master; and neither Spohr nor Mayseder can conquer the ludicrous apprehension of the kit, which used to be brought to boarding schools in a huge coat pocket.

As for an amateur, who wished to be heard at a party on the bassoon, his case would be hopeless; his puffed cheeks and utter incapacity for looking tender, would condemn him at once. The horn player would have no better chance with his hard lips—the most unsociable dreary things in nature. The guitar is the instrument to make a sensation in a drawing-room; but we do not recommend it to men who weigh more than fifteen stone, from the difficulty of assuming an appropriate troubadour air; not but that there are some men who overcome the sense of abdominal redundancy, by a gallantry of manners; but, as we are now discussing a measure of prudence in the choice of an instrument, we put it to our heavy friends whether the church organ would not suit them better?

An Example for Widows. In the year 1799, a tenant of Mr. Way's at Hasketon, in Suffolk, died, leaving a widow with fourteen children, the eldest of whom was a girl, under fourteen years of age. He had rented fourteen acres of pasture land, on which he kept two cows; these cows, with his little furniture and clothing, were all the property he left. The parish of which he had been an inhabitant, was within the district of an incorporated house of industry, where the rule was to receive proper objects within the walls, but not to allow any thing for the out poor, except in peculiar cases. The directors of the establishment offered to relieve the widow, by taking her seven youngest children into the house. When this was proposed to her, she replied in great agitation, that she would rather die in working to maintain her children, than part with any of them; or she would go with all of them into the house, and work for them there; but if her landlord would continue her in the farm, (as she called it) she would undertake to bring up the whole fourteen without any help from the parish. She was a strong woman, about forty-five years old, and of a noble spirit happily, too, she had to deal with a benevolent man. He told her she should continue his tenant, and hold the land for the first year rent-free; and at the same time, unknown to her, he directed his receiver not to call upon her afterwards, thinking with even that indulgence, it would be a great thing if she could maintain so large a family. But this further liberality was not needed. She brought her rent regularly every year after the first; held the land till she had placed twelve of the children in service; and then resigned it to take the employment of a nurse which would enable her to provide for the remaining two, for the little time longer that they needed support, and which was more suited to her declining years.

Taming of the Shrew. In a certain town there was a Moor of great respectability, who had a son, the best young man in the world, full of great projects, but so poor, that he had the will, but not the power to execute them. In the same place there was another Moor, very rich, and he had an only daughter; but she was a devil, and nobody would marry her. The young man came one day to his father, and said, "Father, I am weary of the poor and wretched life that I lead; I wish to marry." The father said that he should be delighted if his son could find a party that suited him. Upon which the young man named his neighbor's daughter. On hearing this, the father was much surprised; but the son persisted in desiring his father to speak to the Moor, who was his intimate friend, and ask him for his daughter. The Moor said, when he was applied to, he had no objection, but whosoever had his daughter would be better dead than alive. The wedding day, however, was fixed, and the bride was led away to her husband's house; and according to the Moorish custom, a supper was prepared, and a table laid; and the fathers and mothers left the bride and bridegroom together till the next day, not without great fear and suspicion that they should find the bridegroom in the morning dead, or not far from it. As soon as they were gone, the new married couple sat down at the table, and before she could speak, he, looking about him, saw one of his house dogs, and calling him to him with a loud voice, ordered him to bring him water to wash his hands, which the dog not doing, he got up in a rage, and drew his sword; this the dog seeing, run away, and he after him, till he had caught him, and cut off his head, and legs, and body in pieces, and dashed the blood over the table, and all over the room; then came and seated himself by the table. He looked round again, and saw a Maltese beagle, and gave him the same order; but on his not complying, he first threatened to serve him as he served the mastiff; then springing from his chair, he caught him by his legs, and cut him into a hundred pieces; he then returned a second time to the table, making horrid faces and furious gestures, and stared wildly around him. The bride, who was an eye witness of all this, was beside herself for fear, and stupid, without being able to utter a syllable. He then swore he would serve every living creature in the same manner, not excepting his horse, which was the only one he had remaining to him; he then having killed his horse, came back to the table with his sword reeking in blood, and seeing no other animal to kill, turned his eyes upon his wife, and cried with a furious tone of voice, "get up and bring me water to wash my hands." She immediately rose and brought him water. Then he said, if you had not done it, I would have served you as I served the dogs and horse. He then ordered her to help him, which she did, but with so horrid an aspect that she still expected to have her head cut off. In the same manner they passed the night together, and she never spoke, but did every thing he bade her; and when they had slept some little while, he said to his wife, "I have not been able to rest for rage to night, see that nobody disturbs me to-morrow morning, and take care that I have a good breakfast." Early in the morning the parents of the bride and bridegroom knocked at the door, and as no one answered, they concluded that the bridegroom was either killed or wounded, and when they saw the bride come to the door without her husband, they were confirmed in their suspicions. As soon as she saw them she began to call them traitors, and asked them how they dared to come to the door without speaking; make no noise, or you are all dead men. This astonished them all more, and when they knew how the night had been spent, they thought very highly of the young man for his skill in governing his wife, and arranging his household; and from that day forward, she was so well managed, that he lived perfectly well with her; and the father-in-law took a hint from his son, and killed a horse to keep his wife in order.

COMMODORE TRUNION THE SECOND.—In a small village, not twenty miles from London, resided a colonel W., a hoary veteran, of the old school. He was about 70 years of age, but as upright as a 'sergeant's pike.' He was a great pedestrian for a man of his age, and always walked with his stick sloped like a firelock, but was ever sure to bring this sham firelock, to the 'carry arms,' on meeting even a redcloaked woman proceeding to market with her butter and eggs; and his salutation to man, woman, or child, was, 'Good morning comrades;' so that, whenever he appeared abroad, the boys and girls said, 'There is my comrade.' If a regiment passed the village, or a recruiting party, the sound of the drum, and the shrill notes of the fife, would arouse the hoary veterian from his warm bed. The bugle's note had a still greater power—it would induce him to leave his best friend (his bottle.) He has been known to follow soldiers some miles from home in the coldest days in winter. He was a man of some property, and all his servants were named after some military hero:—his butler he called Cæsar; footman, Hector; groom, Hannibal; gardener, Mars; his gamekeeper, Pompey; his females, by equally absurd names. He made the whole of his servants go to church in the morning—the women in front, with their red-hooded cloaks—those he called his grenadier guards; his men, with red waistcoats and small clothes, marched behind in the same order and manner; the master at their head, with his stick sloped. When at the porch door he gave the word 'halt,' when the males (six in number) halted; and the word 'halt' was reiterated by all the boys and girls in the parish, at which the old hero was delighted, and laughed immediately. This eccentric old gentleman had a peculiar pleasure in seeing boys snow-ball each other; when one day he was wounded in the eye; but this misfortue rather increased than decreased his spirit for seeing boys fight. One day when the old man was sitting in his balcony, which looked towards the road, he heard a voice from beneath say, 'God bless your honor, pray remember a poor old broken-down soldier.' No doubt but the old gentleman was at this identical moment fighting one of his battles over again in his imbecile mind, for his stick was several times brought to the charge, and more than once to the present: but when the old soldier,

THE CONSTELLATION.

EDITED BY A. GREENE.

NEW-YORK, APRIL 30, 1831.

THE HANGING.

Mrs. Noman.—Oh! I never was so shocked in all my born days!

Mrs. Trueby.—Shocked! at what?

Mrs. Nom.—At the hangin. I've been over to Ellis's Island to see Gibbs and Wansley stretched up. Oh heavens! what a shockin sight it was!

Mrs. True.—Why do you go to see a sight so shocking?

Mrs. Nom.—Oh, I always go to all the hangins, and take my children along with me. I think it's my duty to bring 'em up in the way they should go.

Mrs. True.—And so you take them to the gallows!

Mrs. Nom.—Yes, Mrs. Trueby, I do think it's the most effectual way to keep 'em from iniquity—dont you?

Mrs. True.—On the contrary, it seems to me the most likely way to ruin them. It corrupts their morals and hardens their hearts.

Mrs. Nom.—How can you say so! For my part, I think it's the only way to make 'em honest; and that the more people they see hanged, the better they'll be. I would'nt miss of havin 'em go for nothing in the world. I always go myself, when there's a hangin-*bee* within a hundred miles.

Mrs. True.—But, Mrs. Noman, suppose there were no enormous crimes, and no occasion for hanging, how would you keep your children honest?

Mrs. Nom.—Oh, for that matter I'd have people hung, whether or no—merely for the benefit of others.

Mrs. True.—Are you sure it makes people better to see an execution?

Mrs. Nom.—Indeed I'm morally sartin on't. If 'twas'nt so, I could'nt think of bein at the expense of goin with my children to all the executions within a hundred miles. We even went as far as Albany to see Strang stringed up for shootin Whipple. Oh I'm sartin it makes my children better, for they take sich delight in it. I believe in my heart, they'd be glad to see somebody hanged every day. I'll tell you a story upon that.—There was little Tommy, to-day, as soon as Gibbs and Wansley was done for—Says Tommy, says he—"Ma, aint there no more to be hanged? I wish they'd catch some more and string 'em up—I do like of all things to see 'em kick so!" Now don't you think that's a proof that it makes 'em better to see people hanged?

Mrs. True.—No; I think it a very strong proof that it makes them worse. When their feelings are so deadened, that they can look upon such spectacles with pleasure, they must be far on the road to ruin.

Mrs. Nom.—How *can* you say so? There was Mr. Noman, dear good man, when he was livin, he took Cæsar, our old dog, to see a man hanged; and jest as the culprit was swung off, he held the dog up to make him see him—but he turned his head 'tother way.

Mrs. True.—He had more feeling than his master, it seems.

Mrs. Nom.—Why, for that matter, he was always a milk-and-water thing, and never had half the spunk of other dogs. But my husband, poor man! that was the last hangin he ever went to; which I think was a great pity, for if he had gone to one or two more, I dare say, he might have been livin to this very day. But he come home terribly tipsy and full of fight; and what does he do, but he knocks down the first man that come in, as dead as a door nail; and so he got hanged himself. But 'twas all because he had'nt seen so many folks hanged as he'd ought to.

Mrs. True.—I should think from your account, he'd seen one too many hanged.

Mrs. Nom.—So he told me in his last dyin moments—poor honest man!—Says he, "My dear wife," says he, "never go to see another person hanged, as long as you live, and never let your children go—it has been the ruin of me, soul and body; I should have been now a happy and respectable man, if I had never gone to see an execution," says he. Those were his very words. But la! his mind was dreadfully scattered then, and I dare say he did'nt know what he was sayin.

Mrs. True.—I presume he knew very well what he was saying, and that his reason never was sounder in all his life.

Mrs. Nom.—Well, I don't know how that is; but it's strange to me, if seein transgressors taken out of the world with a rope round their necks, wont make other people look afore they leap, as the sayin is.

Mrs. True. But, if I'm rightly informed, pockets are picked in the crowd, right under the gallows.

Mrs. Nom. Well, that's true enough, for I seed it myself this very day. While Gibbs was 'dressin the people, (he did speechify beautifully) I seed one man, right afore me in the crowd, robbed of his pocket-book and his watch. And another jest as the culprits was swung up, had his coat tail cut off, pocket-book and all. But I'm sure the awful example before 'em must have made an impression on their hearts; and I dare say, if it had'nt been for the poor fellows hangin before 'em, they'd committed murder as well as robbery.

Mrs. True. They probably would not have committed even the robberies, had it not been for the tempting opportunity of the crowd.

Mrs. Nom. Very true, and therefore you see what an advantage it is to have an example before their eyes of what they're comin to, if they dont mend their ways. Oh! if you'd only seen the culprits die!—they made a very edifyin eend, and said as how, although they'd been great sinners, they hoped to go right straight to heaven, where the sheriffs cease from troublin and the wicked are at rest. Was'nt it very edifyin? Oh, they spoke like a sarmunt. There was Gibbs in particular, I do raally think he is a saint, if ever there was one—only to think of murdering four thousand parsons—and then dyin so penitent!—I understand, he said, a day or two afore he was hanged, that he would kill his own father to get out of prison—and then to make such a fine speech at the gallows—I dare say he died a christian.

Enter Tommy.

Tom. Ma! ma!

Mrs. Nom. What *is* the matter, Tommy?

Tom. I've hanged the little dog.

Mrs. Nom. What! have you been hangin Pompey?

Tom. Yes, ma. I tried to have the nigger boy be hanged, but he wouldn't. And then I tried to get the rope round Cæsar's neck, but he was too cunnin for me; and so I took the young dog.

Mrs, Nom. [*Seizing the poker and knocking him down.*] There! take that, you good for nothin blockhead—to go and hang the young dog, jest as he was gettin to be of some use! if it had been Cæsar, I would'nt so much cared, for he's old and worn out—besides, he was always a milk-and-water thing. But to kill Pompey, that I would'nt have taken a ten dollar bill for! Oh you little villian!

Mrs. True. I'm afraid you've killed the boy.

Mrs. Nom. [*Relenting*] You aint dead, are you Tommy? Speak, and comfort your poor mother.

Mrs. True. These are the fruits of going to a hanging.

Mrs, Nom. Tommy! Tommy! Speak—do speak, or I shall go crazy! My husband's dead—Pompey's dead—and Tommy's dyin—Oh, that ever I was born to see this hour!

A LONG PARSNIP.

We have in the papers a great many surprising accounts of mammoth vegetables, all of which we faithfully believe to be true. But the account of the *radical*, as contained in the following letters, we must declare, surpasses any thing of the kind we ever heard of; and were not the name of our correspondent and the remarkable coincidence of time, place and circumstance, in relation to the *root* of the matter, sufficient guarantee for its truth, we confess it would stagger our belief.

LETTER I.

Fat Farms, N. Y. April 26, 1831.

Mr. Editor,—As I was early in the Spring digging up a mess of parsnips for dinner, (I am very fond of parsnips) I came across one that seemed to have no end to it. It was in a black, deep, rich mold, (you must know my farm is the best in the world) and shot down directly towards the centre of the earth. I was very careful not to break it off, for I wished to see how far it descended, as well as to get it up whole to exhibit as a specimen of the richness of my garden and the excellence of my horticulture. But what was my astonishment to find, that its diameter (which I can tell you was no small one) did not appear to diminish in the least, as it went down. After digging somewhere about forty feet, and seeing no probability of reaching the end, I, very reluctantly, gave it up for a bad job. However, resolving not to lose all my labor, I cut off the parsnip as low as I had gone down, and with the help of my kitchen maid, and a windlass, I succeeded in drawing it up. My wife cut off a section for dinner, and after splitting it into about a dozen parts and boiling it a few minutes longer than usual, it was found to be soft, and, I think, of the finest flavor I ever tasted. We had lived upon it for a couple of months, besides furnishing our neighbors with sundry meals, when one day I received the following letter from my cousin, Abiathar Ganson, who resides at L——, which I find by calculation is exactly at the Antipodes. This circumstance in Geography, taken along with other remarkable coincidences, makes it conclusive to me, that my parsnip had shot entirely through the earth, and is the identical one, the end whereof was discovered by my cousin. By publishing his letter in connexion with mine, you will subserve the cause of truth and horticulture, as well as highly oblige,

Yours, &c.

THOS. ASHMEAD GANSON.

P. S. Do you know of any body that wishes to purchase a farm?

LETTER II.

L——, Antipodes, Oct. 29, 1830.

Dear Coz,—The drought here has been uncommonly severe, so that the well near my house, which never failed before during the ten years that I have resided here, two or three days since became completely dry. I therefore undertook to dig a new one, and selected a spot a little further from my house, in a rather moist piece of ground, where the digging was easy, and where I should be likely pretty soon to come to water. But I was surprised, on striking my spade into the earth, to find that I had hit upon a root which, instead of growing downwards, shot up to the surface of the ground. On tasting, I found it to be a parsnip; but how a parsnip should come to grow in a spot like that, and topsy-turvy into the bargain, I could not divine. Nevertheless I proceeded with my digging, and found there was likely to be no end to the parsnip. I came to abundance of water after digging some dozen feet; but being curious to see more of the parsnip, I dug several feet further, when the water became so troublesome, that I thought it best to desist. However I took up the parsnip as far as I had gone, and having persuaded my wife to cook a portion of it, I found it to be of the very best flavor. Now, Dear Coz, a thought strikes me, whether this parsnip did not come through the centre of the earth from your garden, which I know to be an uncommonly rich and mellow soil, and find by calculation to be exactly at the Antipodes. If this conjecture be true, it pretty conclusively establishes one fact, namely, that the earth must be solid, and of course that Symmes's theory of concentric spheres cannot be correct. Please inform me, when you dig your parsnips in the spring, whether you meet with the long one, the end of which I have just described. Also, be good enough to mention whether you received the catamingo and the curiously wrought skull of a cannibal, which I shipped for you.

I remain, Dear Coz, ever yours,

ABIATHAR GANSON.

A RUM DROPSY.

'Squire Soak grew big, and in alarm
He called in Doctor Strap;
The Doctor ran his symptoms o'er,
And found him watery at the core—
A dropsy, past all doubt;
To save the 'Squire from farther harm,
He strait proposed to tap,
And draw the water out.

"Tap me!" exclaim'd the angry 'Squire,
His glaring eye-balls flashing fire,
"Draw water from my bowels, man!
I beg you'll think of no such plan—
I'm surely not a tun!
And as for *water*, not a drop
Of that same weak insipid slop
Has down my gullet run.

"Tap me, indeed!—But harkee, Strap,
If there's no hope without the tap
Death's footsteps to restrain,
Then straightway come,
Draw out the *rum*—
I'll drink it o'er again."

Bad Luck. "Why do you swear so?" said Finney to a teamster whom he met in the country. "Didn't you know you was going the broad road to hell?"—"No, I didn't," replied the fellow, with a ludicrous stare—"but I shouldn't wonder at all if 'twas so, for it's jist like my d——d luck."

Why is a crack in the hand like a fellow who is perpetually borrowing? D'ye give it up? Because it is a troublesome *chap.*

Why is a man, who holds one office by virtue of another, like the members of the late Cabinet who are destitute of office? D'ye give it up? Because he is "*ex officio.*"

INJURIOUS REFLECTIONS.

Celia her mirror broke—for why?
Her mirror did not please her eye;
Disease, that spoiler of complexions,
Had ruined Celia's face,
And in this cruel case
Celia could not endure *reflections.*

THE SATURDAY PREACHER.

SERMON XII.

ON WATCHING THE WEATHER.

"*He that observeth the wind shall not sow; and he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.*"

It always looks to me very suspicious, when I see a farmer turning his eye frequently to the clouds, and watching sedulously the action of the winds. It appears as though he wanted an excuse to get rid of labor, and is willing to throw the blame of his own idle and do-nothing disposition upon the weather.

"The wind is very high to-day, and it wont do to sow at all; all the grain will be blown away; there wont a kernel of it light in the furrows; it will all be whistled away to the moon, or carried into yonder swamp, where I shall never see it again. Heigho! it will never do to sow in this weather, I'm persuaded. Jose, you may unyoke the oxen, we shall have no use for the harrow to-day."

Such were the observations of Mr. Lackadaisy, one fine morning, after wetting his finger in his mouth, and holding it up to see which way the wind was. He could not sow, poor man, because the wind was so high; it would blow all the grain away, and he should lose his labor and the grain into the bargain. But the truth was, he had no disposition to sow, and was glad even of a bad excuse for putting it off. And this he continued to do from day to day, though the weather was as favorable for putting the seed into the ground as the most careful farmer could desire.

At length, however, the grain was sown, though so late in the season as not to produce above half a crop. But when the time of harvest came, there was the same disinclination to put in the sickle, that there had formerly been to put in the seed. Poor Mr. Lackadaisy could never make up his mind to commence reaping, because he was so intently watching the clouds. "O this weather! this weather!" he would exclaim—"I shall never be able to secure my grain—it beats all—I never saw such weather in all my life—constantly cloudy!—cloudy!"

And so, turning up his eye to the heavens and shaking his head, though there was scarcely a cloud to be seen, he would hang up his sickle, shoulder his angling rod, and go a fishing. Even when the sky was perfectly clear, he could not think of reaping. But casting a dubious eye over the whole blue canopy, he would say—"This is a weather-breeder—we shall soon have a storm—I never knew it fail when the sky was without a cloud! It will never do to think of reaping with such a prospect; the grain will all be spoilt; it will sprout in the gavel; it will mould in the sheaf. No—I'd much rather have it standing than cut, in such weather."

So saying, Mr. Lackadaisy would again shoulder his angling rod, and post off two or three miles a fishing. He seldom caught any thing; but then he usually had some glorious nibbles, and even these he considered as better than reaping with the signs of a storm coming on. Thus from day to day he kept anxiously watching the weather, and wondered how his neighbors could be so rash, so blind to their own interests, as to think of cutting their grain with such a prospect before their eyes. "But, thank heaven!" said he, "I understand the signs of the weather better than that comes to."

In this manner the harvest of Mr. Lackadaisy was put off until his grain was mildewed, broken down, and shelled out, to such a degree as to be hardly worth reaping. He did however cut it at last, but with the loss of a great part of his half crop.

"Tis strange!" said he—"very strange! how other people dash on, and sow without regarding the wind, and reap without paying any attention to the clouds. And yet they get good crops—excellent crops; while I, who spend nearly all the time in watching the winds and the clouds, scarcely raise enough to keep a hen from starving! 'Tis very strange, as I said before—but this is just my luck! Some how or other, it seems as if I never was made to prosper, notwithstanding all the care I take in the management of my business. If I were to pay no more regard to the weather than farmer Active and others do, I should be wholly ruined; for as it is, I can scarcely keep my head above water. But this, as I said before, is just my luck!"

So reasoned and so acted Mr. Lackadaisy; and so thousands of other idle, irresolute, do-nothing persons reason and act. They are glad of any excuse to put off the discharge of their duties; to get rid of immediate labor; to postpone till to-morrow what should be done to-day. And when they fail of success in business; when they do not reap where they have neglected to sow; when they do not make money which they hav not labored for; when they find themselves houseless, supperless, and in rags; they throw all the blame upon their ill luck, and wonder how it happens that other people are more prosperous than themselves.

Potitical Caricature. A lithograph is just published, and for sale at our print shops, representing the late change at Washington in a very ludicrous light. There are *four rats* scampering with all their might to get out of a house which is tumbling about their ears; while the master of the domicil, a lank old gentleman, appears very much terrified at the crash, and in his perturbation has set his foot on the tail of one of the rats. Close by, stands the "Altar of Reform," on the top of which is the devil, in ass's ears, with a besom worn nearly to the stump. The altar is cracked in twain, and seems just ready to fall in pieces with the house; and his Satanic majesty himself partakes in the panic. The rats are represented with human faces, which, certain malicious persons do not hesitate to affirm, are so villanously like those of the late Secretaries, as to have been drawn from the life. However this may be, we could not help taking notice of the remarkable plumpness of the "varmunts," which seemed a little to retard their flight. In fact they are the fattest rats we ever saw.

Diary of A Physician. The Messrs. Harpers have just published a work, entitled, "Affecting Scenes; being Passages from the Diary of a Physician." This work, though not forming a part of the Family Library, is printed and bound in the same style, so as to be uniform with that valuable series. The Diary of a Physician, consisting of a variety of articles of very deep interest, was originally published in Blackwood's Magazine.—Several of the articles have been printed in the newspapers; and those who have read these detached portions, we think, will be among the first to purchase the entire work. The scenes described are evidently drawn from the life; and are derived from the actual observations of an eminent London Physician. Of all professions, none are brought in contact with so many and so great a variety of affecting scenes as that of medicine and surgery; and it needs but the graphic pen of the author of the above Diary, to render a work, drawn from such sources, deeply interesting.

Lion of the West. Mr. Paulding's Prize Comedy was played, for the first time, at the Park, on Monday evening, and to a full house. It contains three acts, and the scene is laid at Washington. The principal character is a certain Colonel Nimrod Wildfire, a Member of Congress from Kentucky—a half horse, half alligator, snapping-turtle sort of a fellow, who is ever ready to take a bout at boxing and gouging, and can whip ten times his weight in wild cats. The next most prominent character, and that on which the plot chiefly turns, is a pretended French Count, Crillon, who is all the go with the ladies, and proves in the end to be an Italian barber. Some part of the laughable story of Col. Crockett, dining with President Adams, which went the rounds of the newspapers two or three years ago, is woven into the play. How far the delineation of Western character is true to the life, we are unable to judge. The play was received with much applause, and will probably be popular.

Spelling.—*Present, the minister of the Parish, and the Examining Committee. Master.* Spell gammon. *Pupil.* G-a-m, dam, m-o-n, mun, *dammun!*

EUROPEAN NEWS.

Poland. The Poles have obtained some flattering advantages against the Russians.

France. The French people are in high hopes of a war against Austria.

England. The Whig Ministry are pressing their bill of Reform in Parliament; but with a doubtful prospect of success.

Portugal. Don Miguel is as great a scoundrel as ever, and is murdering the best of his subjects.

Belgium. The people of Netherlands are begging in vain for a King.

Austria. Putting down the rebellious Italians.

DOMESTIC NEWS.

The Cabinet. Fallen to pieces.

The President. Busily making a new one.

Politicians. Speculating on the signs of the times; and decyphering the late Secretary of State's letter.

Party Editors. Telling the truth, the same as usual.

☞Such of our subscribers as intend changing their places of residence on the first of May, will confer a favor by leaving directions at this office where their papers may be sent after that time.

The bill, abolishing Imprisonment for Debt, has passed both branches of the New York Legislature.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS.

SUICIDE.

A CHURCH-YARD SCENE.

An inquest was lately held at the Horse and Trumpet Inn, Leeds, (Eng.) on view of the body of Richard Norton, paymaster serjeant's clerk, belonging to the 10th Huzzars, which left this town on Thursday morning. The following facts came out in evidence before the jury:—The deceased was a native of Devizes. From some unexplained cause he left the barracks on Tuesday morning, and kept away from his quarters the whole of that day and Wednesday. He was observed to be in a very depressed state of mind, and said to some of his acquaintance that "they would not see him again alive." On Wednesday night, about eleven, the deceased entered the Horse and Trumpet, and after drinking two pints of ale, requested to have a bed in the house. He accordingly retired to rest about twelve. About half past seven next morning, one of the servants went to call him, and on opening the door, discovered that he was not in bed, and that his clothes were lying on a table in the room. She alarmed the ostler, who found the unfortunate man suspended by a small cord from a staple in the wall, in his bed-room, his feet only an inch or two from the floor. The ostler then called some other members of the family, and went about his usual business, without rendering any farther assistance! Mr. Mason came into the room, and having (as he said) satisfied himself that the man was quite dead by an examination of the body, left the body suspended, and went out to get shaved! desiring some of his neighbors to go in and look at the deceased. A butcher, named Russel, who lives next door, accordingly went in—and having satisfied his curiosity, came out again! An hour was lost in this way between the discovery of the body and its being cut down, between nine and ten o'clock.—Mr. Wilson, surgeon, was then sent for, but life was perfectly extinct. The jury, after a short but dispassionate deliberation, returned the subjoined verdict—"We find that the deceased, Richard Norton, hanged himself during a temporary fit of insanity." At the same time they wished to express in the strongest terms possible, the disgraceful and culpable negligence displayed on this melancholy occasion by Mr. Matthew Mason, the landlord, in suffering the deceased to remain suspended an hour after he was first discovered, and they hoped that the reporters present would give it the utmost publicity in the newspapers. But these were not the only untoward circumstances attendant upon the exit of the unfortunate Norton. His funeral was appointed to take place in Quarry Hill Churchyard on Sunday afternoon; and as he was carried to the grave with the usual military honors, a great concourse of people flocked to the place of interment. The Rev. Mr. Wardle, who officiated, however, declined reading the burial service over the body, in compliance with the order of the Vicar of Leeds, and the long established practice of the clergy of the borough, founded upon the rubric, which enjoins that "the office is not to be used for any that die unbaptized, or excommunicated, or have laid violent hands upon themselves." The body was in consequence left in the church all night. On Monday afternoon, Mr. Wardle again attended at Quarry Hill church, in the performance of his clerical duties. There were several corpses to bury; and immense crowds again assembled; indeed, the crowd could not have amounted to less than 5000; including a party of the 3rd Dragoons, commanded by a subaltern officer. On entering the churchyard, he found every part of it filled with agitated spectators; the church was also crammed; people standing on the upper parts of the seats, near the reading-desk, leaning on the shoulders of persons standing below; and all indignant at the refusal of the service. Suffice it to say, that Mr. Wardle retired to the vestry room, and there explained his position to the officer in command, who stated that *his* orders were to read certain parts of the service over the deceased, if no clergyman would do it. At length, however, Mr. Wardle repaired to the reading desk, and commenced, over the several corpses in the middle aisle, including the suicide, that part of the ceremony appointed to be performed in the church. At this critical moment an eminent civilian made his way to Mr. Wardle. He had just arrived from York, and, hearing of the affair, hurried away to Quarry Hill. This gentleman conferred with Mr. Wardle, and advised him strenuously to read the service over the soldier, pledging himself, first, that it was legal; secondly, that the archbishop would most certainly approve of its performance. Fortified with these assurances, taking into consideration the excitement of the multitude and the probable disorder which a persistance in his refusal might occasion, he at length decided upon performing the burial service, and did perform it, much to the satisfaction of the multitude, and the troops who were in attendance to pay military honors to their deceased fellow soldier. The customary vollies were fired over Norton's grave, and the crowd instantly dispersed. Leeds Intelligencer.

SONG OF THE GRECIAN AMAZON.

I buckle to my slender side
The pistol and the scimetar,
And in my maiden flower and pride
Am come to share the task of war,
And yonder stands my fiery steed,
That paws the ground and neighs to go,
My charger, of the Arab breed,—
I took him from the routed foe.

My mirror is the mountain spring,
At which I dress my ruffled hair;
My dimmed and dusty arms I bring,
And wash away the blood-stain there.
Why should I guard from wind and sun,
This cheek, whose virgin rose is fled,
It was for one—oh, only one—
I kept its bloom, and he is dead.

But they who slew him—unaware
Of coward murderers lurking nigh—
And left him to the fowls of air,
Are yet alive, and they must die.
They slew him—and my virgin years
Are vowed to Greece and vengeance now;
And many an Othman dame in tears
Shall rue the Grecian maiden's vow.

I touched the lute in better days,
I led in dance the joyous band;—
Ah! they may move to mirthful lays
Whose hand can touch a lover's hand.
The march of hosts that haste to meet
Seems gayer than the dance to me;
The lute's sweet tones are not so sweet
As the fierce shout of victory.

Robert Burns and Walter Scott. The genius of Sir Walter Scott was perceived by Robert Burns. "I was a lad of fifteen," says the former, "when he came to Edinburgh, but had sense and feeling enough to be much interested in his poetry, and would have given the world to know him. I saw him accidentally at Professor Ferguson's; the only thing I remember which was remarkable in Burns' manner was the effect produced upon him by a print representing a soldier lying dead on the snow, his dog sitting in misery on one side, on the other side his widow with a child in her arms; underneath were some affecting lines; the whole touched Burns so deeply that he shed tears; turning round he inquired by whom the lines were written. I whispered to a friend, they are by Langhorne. I was overheard by the poet, who rewarded me with a look and a word, which, though of mere civility, I then received and still recollect with great pleasure." Humility is an attribute of genius: one who was present at this fine scene thus completed the picture: "Burns fixed his large glowing eyes on Scott, and striding up to him, laid his hand on his head and said—"Young man, it is no common spirit which has directed your mind into such a course of study;" and turning half away, he said to the company—"This boy will be heard of yet." He has since amply fulfilled the prediction of Burns and the intention of nature. New Monthly.

It was Bishop Horne's opinion, that there is no better moralist than a newspaper.—He says:

"The follies, vices, and consequent miseries of multitudes displayed in a newspaper, are so many admonitions and warnings, so many beacons, continually burning, to turn others from the rocks on which they have been shipwrecked. What more powerful dissuasive from suspicion, jealousy, and anger, than the story of one friend murdered by another in a duel? What caution likely to be more effectual against gambling and profligacy, than the mournful relation of an execution, or the fate of a despairing suicide? What finer lecture on the necessity of economy, than the auction of estates, houses, and furniture? "Talk they of morals?" There is no need of Hutchinson, Smith, or Paley. Only take a newspaper, and consider it well; read it, and it will instruct thee; *plenius et melius Chrysippo et Crantore.*"

Anecdote. A certain farmer, living not a hundred miles off, who always made it a point to speak in style, *commonly* called *high flown*, having hired a young man as laborer on his farm, and wishing to have him examine and repair a certain fence, ordered him thus—"John, I wish you to go and reconnoitre that fence." John immediately directs his course towards the fence, musing and pondering on what his master could mean by "*reconnoitering the fence:*" and meeting one of his neighbors, he asked him an explanation. This the waggish neighbor very gravely obliged him with, as follows:—"Your employer wants to put a new fence where the old one now stands, and wishes you to pile the rails in several heaps and set fire to them, to get them out of the way." So at it John goes, might and main, and by noon he had got the fence piled, and fire communicated to several of the piles—and then, at the sound of the dinner horn, made his way to the house, and on his arrival was asked by his employer what progress he had made, &c.—to which John, with all the air of one who is conscious of having done his duty, promptly replied, "I have got the fence all piled, and set fire to all the heaps but four—*but they don't burn very well.*"

A Grave mode of pushing Trade. On the 12th of September, 1776, was held a general communion at the cathedral church of Zurich, in Switzerland, called Munster Kirk. Many thousands were expected to partake of the sacrament, and the wine was prepared and brought into the church on the evening before. In the morning, when the ordinance was administered, there was a horrid confusion; several fainted away on the spot; several vomited; several were taken with a violent cholic, and, in short, the whole city was thrown into the utmost consternation. Upon this the wine was analyzed, when it was found to have been *poisoned.* About eight had died of the poison; and had not the bad taste of the wine given early notice of the intended mischief, many more might have perished, some hundreds were, however, dangerously ill. After a strict examination it was discovered that one Wirtz, a grave digger, was the perpetrator of this diabolical deed, with a view to promote his business, which had been slack for some time. Scientific Gazette.

"*I'll be Drummer now.*" Passing along one of the by streets a few days since, we saw two chubby-cheeked, curly headed little urchins formed in martial array, one with a paper cap and the other *tied* to a small toy drum. The drummer appeared to enjoy the most honorable post of the two, for the accoutred lad frequently exclaimed—"you may be captain—I'll be drummer now." Our readers may say,—well, there's nothing strange in this—nor is there, yet it gave rise to a fund of reflection. These little fellows, in aping the manners of their elders, had but one object in view—the gratification of their pride. The paper cap, to be sure, had its attractions—yet, to be a drummer was certainly to be making a noise in the world. In after life they will find themselves among the thousands who wish to be drummer. The politician as he mounts the rostrum and thunders forth words of fire, but says to the multitude "I'll be drummer now." The party men as they crowd round those who have lucrative offices within their gift, but cry out "I'll be drummer now;"—the bachelor who has been for years a slave to the smiles and the wiles of the fair, as he leads a timid bride to the altar, whispers to himself, "I'll be drummer now"—yea, every trade, calling or profession will have its *drummer* as well as its trumpeter; even we—humble and unpretending as we are, could not help exclaiming when we seized our pen to write this article—"we'll be drummer now." Balt. Minerva.

A Precious Relic. A Mr. George Shiell, at the Anti-Union Gambols in the Arena on Friday, said—"Such is my admiration of that great man, Daniel O'Connell, that I have preserved the *bone of the turbot* upon which that patriot dined, at the splendid festival that was given at the Arena some months ago, and have it now *preserved*, and to be seen in my drawing room, and, in fifty years to come, it will be the greatest curiosity that is *now* to be seen in Ireland.—[This reminds us of an anecdote of George II. That monarch, on one of his progresses to Hanover, was driven by adverse winds on the Suffolk coast, and landed at Lowestoffe, where he was entertained by a worthy magistrate of the name of Jacks. On his departure, the loyal alderman, anxious to preserve some "frail memorial" of his illustrious guest, *bottled* the only relic which his majesty left behind him. It was, no doubt, considered in those days the "greatest curiosity" in the county.] London Globe.

Why is a rum cask, when the liquor is drawn out, like two letters of the Alphabet? Because it's empty. (M T.)

with stentorian [illegible] your honor, remember an old broken-down soldier,' the old colonel rose up, and bellowed out, 'who comes there?' 'A friend,' replied the soldier. 'Advance, friend, and give the parole.' 'Poverty,' said the soldier. 'Stand, Poverty, till I come down;' and the old man hobbled towards the staircase with his stick at the charge. When the old soldier saw him disappear, he bellowed out, 'All's well,' which the old colonel repeated: the door opened when the colonel again demanded, 'Who comes?' bringing his piece to the charge; the answer was, 'A friend.' 'Advance, friend,' said the worthy veteran with the silvery locks: 'The parole?' 'poverty,' said the soldier. 'Stop, then said the colonel, 'all's well.' The poor soldier having no friend, no home, no relative, and no money, the old colonel took him into his service for the purpose of having desertations with him on military subjects, and many was the drilling the poor old soldier got from his commanding officer. They were never after separated in life; and who knows but, to gratify the colonel's whim, and make his bliss complete, he is at this moment going through his evolutions with the man whom his love of the profession, and charity to the discarded soldier, had saved from starving.

Mercury [illegible]

NEW SPECIES OF BEAR.

The Atlas claims for the singular account which follows more credibility than it may seem entitled to from the authority of Sir John Sinclair—in whose reminiscences it is recorded. One thing is, we think, well illustrated by it—that the Cup of Circe is not unknown to modern magicians.

"Father O'Leary and Captain M'Carty were walking together through the streets of St. Omers, when they came to a house, at the door of which a man was bawling in the French language, "Walk in, gentlemen, and see the greatest curiosity ever heard of, a Russian bear who can speak and dance, and in every respect is as intelligent as a human being." Father O'Leary wished to walk on, but Captain M'Carty insisted on their going in to see so great a curiosity. Upon their entering the apartment where the exhibition was to be seen, they saw at the bottom of a long room a great cage, in which a huge bear was reposing. Upon their approaching the cage, the keeper, with a long stick, began to beat the animal, in order to rouse him. Upon getting up he commenced speaking some gibberish, which the two visitors immediately knew to be Irish. The keeper then said in French, "Come, Mr. Bear, give these gentlemen a song;" and to their utter astonishment, he sung an Irish ditty. Father O'Leary immediately said in Irish, "How came you to speak the Irish language?" The astonishment of the Bear, at hearing himself addressed in his native tongue, may easily be conceived. He said, "Gentleman, my name is Darby O'Sullivan. I was born in the county of Kerry. When men were raised for the navy, I became a volunteer, and was put on board a ship of war. We sailed to the coast of [illegible] Brittany, and a boat was sent ashore to procure some water and provisions. The people where we landed spoke a kind of Irish, and I thought I would be better off among them, than on board a ship, where we were not very kindly treated. I ran, therefore, into the country, and came to a little town where they were very kind to me. I found the cider in [illegible], and took my fill of it. I then walked into the country, and I lay down to sleep, and when I awoke I found myself transformed into a bear!" The keeper was not at all satisfied with what was going forward, and said to the company assembled, "Gentlemen, you must now be satisfied of the truth of what I have asserted. This bear, in many respects, resembles a human being but he is tired, we must leave him to his repose." Upon which Captain M'Carty drew his sword, and seizing the man by the collar, he said, "You have been playing some tricks, upon a countryman of mine, which shall not go unpunished. Instantly open the door of the cage to let him out, otherwise this sword will be buried in your body." The keeper, much terrified, admitted that it was a man in a bear's skin, and gave the following account of the circumstance:—"My partner and I were exhibiting in a town in France, a real Russian bear, when he unfortunately became sick and died. We had the skin taken off, and buried the body, and then resolved to take a walk into the country to consider what we could do to remedy our misfortune. A short way from the town, we observed a man lying in a ditch quite drunk. It accidentally occurred to us that it would be possible to sew the bear's skin over the man, in the state in which he then was, and to persuade him, when he became sober, that he had been converted into a bear, as a punishment for his drunkenness. We set about it without a moment's delay, and by means of blows, and shewing him his figure in a glass, we convinced him that the transformation had actually taken place. The man believes himself to be a bear. He is perfectly reconciled to his fate, and to make him again a man, would do him no good, and would ruin us." Captain M'Carty immediately replied, "this must not be suffered. I will not permit a countryman of mine to be treated so inhumanly." Scissors were immediately procured, the bear's skin was taken off, and out came a great naked Irishman, who was much delighted with being restored to manhood. Clothes were immediately procured for him, and some money collected for his immediate subsistence; but as he had no means of gaining a livelihood he resolved to enlist in Captain M'Carty's regiment. It is said, that in the course of the French revolution he embraced the cause of liberty, and ultimately rose to a situation of some importance in the armies of the republic.

The Indian and the Bear. A Delaware hunter once shot a huge bear, and broke its back bone. This animal fell, and set up a most plaintive cry, something like that of the panther when he is hungry. The hunter, instead of giving him another shot, stood close to him, and addressed him in these words:—"Hark ye! bear; you are a coward, and no warrior, as you pretend to be. Were you a warrior, you would show it by your firmness, and not cry and whimper like an old woman. You know, bear, that our tribes are at war with each other, and that yours was the aggressor. You have found the Indians too powerful for you, and you have gone sneaking about in the woods, stealing their hogs; perhaps at this time you have hog's flesh in your belly. Had you conquered me, I would have borne it with courage, and died like a brave warrior; but you, bear, sit here and cry, and disgrace your cowardly conduct." A person being present at the delivery of this curious invective, after he had despatched the bear, asked the hunter how he thought that the poor animal could understand what he had said to it? "Oh!" said he, in answer, "the bear understood me very well; did you not observe how *ashamed* he looked while I was upbraiding him?" This is a historical fact.

The Duke Saxe Weimar.—From "Notes of a Small Tourist," publishing in the Charleston, S. C., Gazette, the following anecdote is extracted relating to this Prince.

"From Augusta I took stage for Milledgeville, in Georgia. They tell, on this route, a rather amusing story of old Saxe Weimar, the princely infant who lately ran through our nation, and made a book thereon; and whose dominions, owing to the present turmoil in Europe, are likely to attract much more of popular notice and consideration, than, under other circumstances, their dimensions or capacities could have given them much claim to. It seems that the sagacious Duke engaged some three or four or more seats in the regular stage, for the accommodation of himself and suite, and thought by this that he had secured the monopoly of the vehicle. Not so, however, a traveller came along, and entered his name upon the book—secured his seat by payment of the customary charges—a precaution which I would advise you always to take—a seat not being considered taken, though your name be in the book, until the fare be actually paid for. To the Duke's great surprise, upon entering the stage, he found our traveller comfortably housed in one of the most eligible seats—wrapped up in his fearnought, and snoring like a buffalo, in all the elysian beatitude of a first nap. The Duke, greatly irritated, called for the question of consideration. He demanded of the driver, in broken English, the cause of the gross intrusion, and insisted, in a very princely manner, though not, it seems, in very princely language, upon the incumbent vacating the seat, in which he had made himself so impudently at home. But the Duke has yet to receive his first lesson of republicanism. The driver was one of those sturdy Southrons, who can always, and at a moment's warning, whip his weight in wild cats; and he as resolutely told the Duke that the traveller was just as good, if not a better man than himself, and that no alteration of the existing arrangement could be permitted. Saxe Weimar became violent at this opposition, so unlike any to which his education, hitherto, had subjected him, and threatened our Jehu with the application of the bamboo. This was one of those threats, which, in Georgia dialect, would subject a man to a rowing up salt river; and accordingly, down leapt our driver from his box, and peeling himself for the combat, he leaped about the vehicle, in the most wild boar stile, calling upon the Prince of a five acres patch to put his threat into execution. But he of the star refused to make up issue in the way suggested, contenting himself with assuring the enraged Southron of a complaint to his Excellency the Governor, on arrival at the seat of Government. This threat was almost as unlucky as that preceding; for it wrought the individual for whom it was intended, into that species of fury, which, though discriminating in its madness, is, nevertheless, without much limit in its violence, and he swore, that "The Governor might go to ——, &c. For his part he would as lieve *lick* the Governor as the Duke. He never did like the Governor—didn't vote for him at last 'lections, and wouldn't, if it lay with him, make him a county justice. He'd like no better fun than to give both Duke and Governor a dressing in the same breath—could do it, he had little doubt," &c., and instigating one fist to diverge into the face of the marvelling and panic-stricken noblebleman, with the other he thrust him down into a seat along-side the traveller, whose presence had been, originally, of such sore discomfort to his excellency; and bidding the attendants jump in, along with their discomfited master, he mounted his box in triumph, and went on his journey. I do not perceive that the Duke has any where, in the compass of his two volumes, mentioned, however slightly, an adventure so full of interest, if not of pleasure, to the parties concerned therein."

Danger of Excessive Excitement. Extract from an abridged history of France, by Voltaire.

"The fire of civil wars, of which Francis I. saw the first sparks, covered all France in the reign of Charles IX. Religion was the subject with the people, and the pretext with the grandees. The Queen mother, Catherine de Medicis, had, more than once, hazarded the safety of the kingdom to preserve her own authority, arming the Catholic Party against the Protestant, and the Guises against the Bourbons, to crush one by the other.

"France had then, unfortunately for her, many Lords too powerful and consequently factious; people rendered fanatic and barbarous by the fury of party spirit inspired by false zeal; and infant Kings, in whose name the state was ravaged. The battles of Dreux, St. Denis, Jarnac, and Moncontour, had signalised the unhappy reign of Charles IX. The largest cities were taken, retaken, and sacked in turn by the opposing parties. Prisoners of war were put to death by punishments which the mind was exercised to devise. The Churches were burnt by the Reformers, and the Temples by the Catholics. Poisoning and assassination were regarded but as the vengeance of able enemies.

"The climax was put to these horrors on St. Bartholomew's day. Henry the Great, then King of Navarre, and in extreme youth chief of the Reform Party, in the midst of which he was born, was surrounded at Court by the powerful Lords of the party. They married him to Princess Marguerite, sister of Charles IX. It was in the midst of rejoicing for these nuptials, in the midst of the most profound peace, which had been made, and after oaths the most solemn, that Catharine de Medicis ordered the massacres, the memory of which should be perpetual, (horrid, and disgraceful as they were to the French name) that men, always too ready to enter into unhappy quarrels respecting religion, may see to what excesses the spirit of party may conduct.

"They saw then in a Court, which piqued itself on its politeness, a woman celebrated for her mental accomplishments, and a young king, of 23 years, ordering in cold blood, the death of more than a million of their subjects. The same nation which cannot, at this day, think of the crime without shuddering, committed it with transport and zeal. More than a hundred thousand men were assassinated by their compatriots; and without the wise precautions of some virtuous persons, such as the President Jeannin, the Marquis of St. Herem, &c. one half of the French would have cut the throats of the other."

Original Anecdote of Albert Gallatin. This eminent American citizen began his career as a French Teacher, in the interior of Pennsylvania. Early one morning, while riding towards Philadelphia from one of the western counties, a farmer's daughter came out of her father's house with her milk pail in her hand, and without perceiving that a stranger was near, put one hand on the fence, and with the pail in her other hand, bounded over without touching the rails. Her form was handsome, and her agility so pleased the countryman of William Tell that he halted his horse, rode up to the house, proposed to make the maiden his bride, obtained a consent, and after placing his intended at a boarding school in Philadelphia for a short period, in due time made her Mrs. Albert Gallatin.

Colonial Journal.

[The story is very good but not altogether true. Mr. Gallatin "began his career" in this county, as a teacher of the French Language at the University of Cambridge. This was previous to the revolution, and immediately after he had landed, from a vessel, at Boston. While at Cambridge he boarded at commons, and received a certain sum for tuition from each student whom he taught, there being then no professorship of the French language. At the end of one year, Mr. G. went to the province of Maine, where he bought a small piece of land which he cultivated during the war of the revolution. At the close of the war, he removed to Pennsylvania, where he bought a good farm, and, as we have heard from his friends, did something at his trade, as a saddler. Geneva, by the way, gives a good trade to all her sons, and an education to boot. As to Mr. Gallatin's marriage, the above account is altogether romance. He married, as his first wife we mean, a French lady in Richmond, Va. This was about the year 1788, and is connected with a very pleasing incident in Gallatin's life. Mr. Gallatin and his friend, a Swiss, or Frenchman, came to Richmond, wholly unknown, on some business. The Legislature were in session at the time. Gallatin and his friend applied for board at a private boarding house kept by a French lady, and where *Patrick Henry*, *Francis Corbin*, and *Mann Page*, distinguished men in the state, were boarding. The good lady submitted the application to the decision of the mess who assented to the reception of the foreigners. These gentlemen formed an acquaintance with Gallatin, and a strong friendship for him. They often spoke of him, before his elevation in public life, as a man of surprising attainments and ability. The best of the story is, that the lady had two daughters; and Gallatin, before he left the city, married one and his friend the other.]

Boston Palladium.

Sir H. Davy's Death. From occurrences which characterized the desease under which Sir Humphry Davy suffered, he became extremely desirous of quitting Rome, and of establishing himself at Geneva. His friends were naturally anxious to gratify every wish: and Lady Davy therefore preceded him on the journey in order that she might prepare for his comfortable reception at that place. Apartments were accordingly in readiness for him at L'Hotel de la Couronne, in the Rue du Rhone; and at three o'clock on the 28th of May, having slept the preceding evening at Chambery, he arrived at Geneva, accompanied by his brother, Mr. Tobin, and his servant. At four o'clock he dined, ate heartily, was unusually cheerful, and joked with the waiter about the cookery of the fish, which he appeared particularly to admire; and he desired that, as long as he remained at the hotel, he might be daily supplied with every possible variety that the lake afforded. He drank tea at 11, and directed that the feather bed should be removed, retired to rest at 12. His servant, who slept in a bed parallel to his own, in the same alcove, was, however, very shortly called to attend him, and he desired that his brother might be summoned. I am informed that, on Dr. Davy's entering the room, he said, "I am dying," or words to that effect, "and when it is all over, I desire that no disturbance of any kind may be made in the house; lock the door, and let every one retire quietly to his apartment." He expired at a quarter before three o'clock, without a struggle.

Dr. Paris's Life of Sir H. Davy.

Nautical. We are indebted to the *Cambridge Chronicle* for the following humorous extract from the *Bombay Courier*, which will, we think, be of marvellous assistance to Naval Officers who frequent Balls; it is a Nautical arrangement of the figures of fashionable quadrills:—

Le Pantalon. Haul upon the starboard tack, let the other craft pass, then bear up, and get your head on the other tack, regain your berth on the larboard tack, back and fill with your partner, box-haul her, wear round twice against the sun in company with the opposite craft and your own, afterwards box-haul her again and bring up.

L'Ete. Shoot a-head about two fathoms till you nearly come stern on to the other craft under weigh, then make a stern board to your berth, side out for a bend, first to starboard and then to port, make sail and pass the other craft, get your head round on the other tack, another side to starboard, and port, make sail to regain your berth, wear round, back and fill and box-haul your partner.

La Poule. Heave a-head and pass your adversary, yard-arm and yard-arm, regain your berth on the other tack in the same order, take your station in the line, with your partner, back and fill-fall on your heel; and bring up with your partner; she then manœuvres a-head, heaves all a-back; shoots a-head again, and pays off along, side; you then make sail in company with her, till nearly stern with the other line, make a stern board, and cast her off to shift for herself, regain your berth by the best means in your power, and let go your anchor.

Le Trenise. Wear round as before against the sun twice, box-haul the lady, range up alongside her and make sail in company, when half way across to the other shore drop astern with the tide, shoot and cast off the tow; now back and fill as before, and box-haul her and yourself into your berth and bring up.

La Pastorale. Shoot a-head alongside your partner, make a stern board, make all sail over to the other coast, let go the bawser and pay off into your berth and take a turn; the three crafts opposite range up abreast towards you twice and back astern again; now manœuvre any rig you like, only under easy sail, as it is always a light wind (zephyrs as they call it) in this passage; as soon as you see their helms down, haul round in company with them on the larboard tack and make all sail with your partner into your own berth and bring up.

La Finale. Wear round to starboard passing under your partner's stern, sight the catheads of the craft on your starboard bow, then make sail into your berth, your partner passing athwart your bows; now proceed according to the second order of sailing; to complete the evolutions shoot a-head and back astern twice in company with the whole squadron in circular order of sailing.

The following fine anecdote does honor both to Bonaparte and Redon, of whom it is told:

One day Bonaparte said, at Malmaison, to Redon de Belleville, formerly Consul at Leghorn, 'Redon, you have come from Spain—what do they say of me at the Court of Madrid?' 'They say,' replied he, with his usual frankness, that you are preparing a throne, and are about decking yourself with the ornaments of royalty.' 'Ah! what do you think of such a project?' 'I think that Washington had no need to resort to the vain illusions of a crown; and that the first of citizens may degrade himself by becoming the last of monarchs!' Bonaparte smiled and did not appear offended. The same evening he said to Josephine, 'I love the character of Redon, he is an honest patriot—he is worthy to be born a citizen of an ancient republic.'

From the Massachusetts Spy.

OBITUARY.

Isaiah Thomas, Esq. L. L. D., who died in this town on Monday, the 4th instant, was probably the oldest printer in this country, the ancient founder of this paper, and for many years its sole editor and proprietor. He was born in Boston, Jan. 19, 1749. His ancestors emigrated from England in the early settlement of that place. His grandfather, Peter Thomas, was a merchant, who kept near the Town Dock in a store owned by himself, and died in 1746, leaving four sons and two daughters. The second son, Moses, resided for some time at Long Island, from whence he returned with his family to Boston. Upon a voyage to North Carolina he died, leaving a destitute widow and five children, of whom the subject of this notice was the youngest. At the age of six years, he was apprenticed to Zacheriah Fowle, a printer of ballads in Boston. Instead of being sent to school, he was placed in the printing office; and to enable him to set the types for the small works executed at the press, he was elevated upon a bench, raised 18 inches from the floor. The composing stick he then used is preserved with a specimen of this early attempt at typography. Without the assistance of any one, as he himself often declared, in this shop he not only acquired a knowledge of the elementary branches of learning, but was so far competent to write, as that at the age of 17 he was enabled to take charge of a newspaper, at Halifax, in Nova Scotia, to which place he went upon a disagreement with his master. He remained at this place some months, during which time, the memorable Stamp Act was to take effect in the colonies. To send out a newspaper with this odious badge of servitude was repugnant to the feelings of the young New Englandman as he was then called. An editorial paragraph caused the printer to be summoned before the public authorities. He exculpated himself by casting the blame upon his apprentice, who had the charge of the paper. A second paragraph induced a call upon the young man himself, who was permitted to extricate himself, with a slight reprimand and by being reminded that he was not in Boston. The reams of paper in the office being secretly divested of the stamps, the gazette was afterwards issued without this obnoxious mark. In March, 1767 he left Halifax and after working some time in New Hampshire, returned to the employment of his former master in Boston. After separating from him by agreement, he attempted to establish himself at Wilmington, North Carolina. From this place he went to Charleston, South Carolina, where he worked for two years. In consequence of declining health, he abandoned a project in which he was engaged of going to England to acquire a more perfect knowledge of his trade. In 1770, he returned to his native town, and in connection with Z. Fowle, commenced The Massachusetts Spy, a small paper published three times a week. The partnership continued but three months, when he purchased the establishment and published the paper upon half a sheet, until December of that year, when it was discontinued. March 7, 1771, he commenced the present Massachusetts Spy, which was published weekly upon a large sheet. Although firmly attached to the popular side in the rising political contest, he permitted his paper to be open to both parties, but the royalists soon withdrew their patronage and the paper was then devoted exclusively to the whig interest. Overtures were made by the royalists to obtain his influence, but these being rejected, an attempt at coercion was made, by an endeavor to embarrass the pecuniary concerns of the establishment. The interposition of friends prevented any trouble from this quarter. In consequence of an Essay signed Mucius Scaevola, published in the Spy of Nov., 1771, he was summoned by Gov. Hutchinson and his council, to appear at the Council Chamber. He promptly refused obedience to the order. His answers to the messenger, which were written down at the time, discover a knowledge of his personal rights, a resoluteness of purpose, and an intrepidity of character, that strongly indicated the course he would afterwards pursue in the coming contest. A defect of authority in this branch of the Government, suspended further proceedings, until the sitting of the Superior Court, when a vigorous attempt was made to procure an Indictment, but was defeated by the independent spirit of the Grand Jury. A proceeding by information, was the next course, but the general intelligence of the people frowned upon this odious engine of government, for shackling the press. In consequence of some supposed libels upon the King, the attempts at prosecution were renewed in 1772, but by the assistance of his friends he was extricated from the danger.—A proffer of professional services from the distinguished James Otis, who had withdrawn from active life in consequence of the malady which prostrated the energies of his mighty mind, was gratefully received by Mr. Thomas, and manifests the interest felt for his security by the leading patriots of the revolution.

At this period there were three other papers published in Boston, but neither of them had a patronage equal to the Spy. Upon its first publication, the subscription list contained less than 200 names, but such was its increase that in two years it had more subscribers than any other paper in New England.

Questions of political science and constitutional law were no longer confined to the forum and halls of legislation, but became daily themes of discussion in the mechanic's shop, at the farmer's fire side, and in the town meeting. The exigencies of the times called for a Journal conducted by one whose education, habits, and modes of thinking harmonized with those of the great body of the people, where every one could find his own feelings and principles reflected, without the expositions of the learned. Such a paper was found in the Spy and such an editor in Mr. Thomas. The ability, prudence, and intrepidity exhibited by him in this department gives to his character an elevation and dignity which can be obtained but by few. It is here his name stands out in bold relief, and claims the applause of mankind. Considering his youth, his limited means for acquiring learning, and the portentous state of the times, it must have required a mind of no ordinary bearing to have sustained itself in so unequal a conflict. On the one side, was most of the learning and wealth of the province, supported by the patronage of the Government, in favor of the existing state of things, and branding with the reproach of sedition and rebellion every movement for liberty, on the other, a people of staid and religious habits, enjoying the most unlimited practical freedom, contending not against any actual or tangible oppression, but merely for principles and abstract right. Thus circumstanced, this youthful apostle of liberty took the field. It is true his paper was the medium of communication for some of the ablest writers of the day and was directed in a great measure by the leaders of the popular party, but all the responsibilities were upon the editor and publisher, and a single act of indiscretion might have involved him in serious consequences. That he was indebted for his editorial matter, chiefly to his own pen, is apparent from an examination of the files of the Spy at that period. Matters of fact without the tinsel of ornament, and plain argument without the sophistry of the schools, were the simple instruments by which the temper of popular indignation was roused, and a virtuous community required no other trident to set bounds to the swelling storm. In a review of that period, he himself observes, "common sense in common language is as necessary to influence one class of citizens, as much as learning and elegance of composition are to produce an effect upon another. The cause of America was just, and it was only necessary to state that cause in a clear and impressive manner, to unite the American people in its support."

During that period of peculiar gloom, when the people of Boston were goaded to resentment by the provisions of the Port Bill, an act of wanton tyranny unparalleled in the history of this country, the editor of the Spy continued the publication of his paper in that city.—The manner of his defeating the attempts to overawe the freedom of the press manifested a fertility of expedients and patriotic integrity that entitled him to the highest confidence. A numerous standing army held unlimited control of the metropolis and brutal outrages upon the part of the soldiery were not discountenanced by the public officers. Mr. T. had rendered himself obnoxious to the British, and threats of vengeance were thrown out against him and his printing office. Timely information was given him of intended violence, in consequence of which, he privately packed up a press and printing apparatus and transmitted them in a boat across Charles River, under the care of Gen. Warren, the martyr of Bunker Hill. Upon the opening of the Spring of 1775, arrangements were made for sending detachments into the interior to destroy the military property that the people were preserving against the approaching contest. The vigilance of the friends of liberty in town, had faithfully transmitted information into the country, of the intended expedition to Concord. The editor of the Spy was concerned in furnishing this information, in consequence of which he left Boston at day break on the morning of the memorable 19th of April and joined the provincial militia in opposing the King's troops at Lexington. The next day he arrived in Worcester, opened his printing office, and recommenced the publication of the Spy in this place, May 3, 1775.

This event formed an era in the history of the country as well as in the annals of this village. It was the first printing ever performed in the interior of New England. To form an estimate of the importance of this branch of business to the past renown or present prosperity of this place, would be no easy task. The influence of a gazette, so centrally located, under the guidance of such an editor, was not lightly esteemed by the patriots of the Revolution.

The Provincial Congress were now in session at Watertown, and it was proposed by them to remove this press to that place, but it was afterwards determined that it should remain in Worcester, and that the Spy should be transmitted by post riders to Watertown and Cambridge. Until presses were established in those places, Mr. Thomas executed the printing for the Congress.

In the indulgence of a peculiar poetical fancy, his papers were generally ornamented with curiously significant devices and appropriate mottos. In 1774, it bore a dragon and a snake, the former representing Great Britain and the serpent this country. This latter was separated into parts to represent the different colonies. The head and tail were furnished with stings for defence against the dragon, which were placed in the posture of making an attack. This device extended the whole width of the paper, with the motto over the serpent in large capitals JOIN OR DIE.

In consequence of an odious excise upon newspapers in 1785, the publication of the Spy was suspended, but its place was taken by a magazine, which supplied the same matter without submission to the Stamp Act. The publication was resumed in 1788, after a suspension of about two years. The paper began its numbers March 7, 1771, and the series has been uninterrupted to this day.

The labors of Mr. T. had not been confined to the Spy. He established the first newspaper in Newburyport as early as 1773, this he soon passed into other hands. In 1774, he published in Boston the Royal American Magazine, a monthly periodical. Besides the usual variety of general literature, this work contains a faithful summary of the public transactions in Boston during that eventful year, and great value is added to the work from the public documents preserved in its pages, and which are not elsewhere to be found.

The small amount of property contained in the package sent across Charles River, upon the flight from Boston, was all that he rescued from five years of unremitted toil in the cause of freedom; the residue fell a prey to the soldiery, or was carried off with the plunder of the army.

As soon as the enemy had evacuated Boston, his enterprising spirit was in pursuit of more extensive business than that of conducting a country newspaper. An attempt to form an establishment at Salem, terminated unsuccessfully. The Spy having been leased to two gentlemen of the bar in Worcester for one year, and again for another year to Anthony Haswell, was resumed by its former editor in 1778. In consequence of bad materials and unskilful workmanship, the paper appeared in a wretched dishabille during the continuance of the lease. The general depression of the times also affected the subscription list, which in '79, '80, did not much exceed 300.

In July, '76, he participated in the first celebration of American Independence in this place. The great charter of Liberty was first publicly promulgated by him, standing upon the porch of the meeting house. It was received by the united acclamations of a vast multitude of the citizens, who, under the open canopy of heaven, superadded to that of Congress their solemn pledge to support it with fortune, honor and life.

After the war, when the Government began to assume a more permanent form, he extended his business not only as a printer, but as a bookseller. The first paper mill and bookbindery in this country were established by him. For several years he employed 7 printing presses in this town, and with his partner in Boston, Mr. Andrews, furnished business for 5 in that city and 4 in other towns. He established the first newspaper in Walpole, N. H., and in Brookfield in this county, at which place, as well as at Albany and Baltimore, he was concerned in extensive bookstores. From these sources much of the literature of the country was supplied. The systematic manner in which the details of these extensive concerns were conducted gave him an elevated character for skill as a merchant. In 1802, the Spy, with a proportion of his other business, was transferred to his son, who died a few years since in Boston. Leisure and opportunity were now given him to pursue his literary avocations. In 1810 he presented to the public his History of Printing, in two vol. 8vo., including a history of newspapers, with biographical sketches of the ante revolutionary printers and booksellers in New England.—This work manifested great research, untiring industry and no inconsiderable share of learning. It passed the ordeal of the reviewers both in this country and Great Britain, and is received as a standard work upon the subjects treated of in its pages. During the long period in which he contemplated the preparation of this work, he was continually laying aside for preservation, every book, pamphlet, and file of newspapers that came in his way, which might aid him in the undertaking. He likewise expended large sums in procuring from abroad valuable materials for the same purpose. His library now comprised the most valuable collection of American literature to be found in the hands of any individual in the country. Many of his works were rare, and no other copies were to be found. Such a library, he observed, if once dispersed could never again be gathered. Its importance to the future historian was inestimable. The want of it had been sensibly felt by himself in making his compilation and the inconvenience had been overcome by personal sacrifices that no other individual could make. He therefore proposed to a number of the friends of American history, principally of his own neighborhood, the establishment of an association for collecting and preserving the materials of our history, in every form in which they may present themselves, and he offered to endow the institution by a donation of his collection. The proposition was readily acceded to and the American Antiquarian Society was incorporated in 1812. Upon its organization he was elected its president and has ever since held the office by the unanimous votes of the members in each successive year. The interest he manifested in its early success, suffered no diminution in its subsequent progress. Every year he has made liberal donations of books and rare curiosities, obtained both by solicitation from their possessors, and by purchases, at an amount not inconsiderable. In 1820, the Society published the first volume of their transactions, with the title of American Archæologia; the work is enriched by a learned and minute account of the ancient mounds upon the Muskingum and Scioto Rivers, with other vestiges of that mysterious race of men, who probably were the former possessors of this continent. The subjects are illustrated by diagrams made from actual surveys and expensive engravings.

These labors which have added so much to the general stock of human knowledge, and attracted the notice of many learned societies in Europe, were wholly at the expense of Mr. Thomas. In the same year he erected a spacious and permanent edifice, fitted with rooms for the accommodation of the Library and Cabinet, and appropriated for the exclusive use of the members of the Society. The Library now exceeds 8000 volumes, more than 3000 of which consist of annual files of American newspapers, bound in regular series.—Nearly all the papers printed before the revolution are to be found among them. The residue of the library includes history, theology, and miscellaneous literature. One room is appropriated for a cabinet of curiosities, illustrating the manners of the Fathers as well as the Aborigines of North America. For many very valuable donations of books as well as other articles, the Institution enumerates a long list of benefactors. But in whatever has given it character, energy and living principle, the Society is indebted to the untiring generosity of its founder. Nor has his paternal regard been bounded by the present generation, but his desire for bestowing the benefits of historical knowledge has extended to future time; and by his last will, he has provided for the exigencies of the Institution to an extent it is believed unparalleled in the history of any literary association in this country.—Benevolence was a prominent trait in his character. And the community in which he resided will long cherish his memory as a public benefactor in other departments of life. The land upon which the present County Court House stands, was a donation from him, and the grounds around that building received their present convenient and beautiful form from his direction. For his personal services in this meritorious act, he received no compensation, but a vote of thanks upon the county records. To the town, he gave the street which bears his name, besides a grant of land which gives the Main-street its peculiar beauty. The square near the jail, with the stone bridge that intersects it, were formed principally at his individual expense. The Parish of which he was a member have reason to recollect many acts of his munificence for their benefit. The public clock upon their brick meeting house, was his exclusive donation. To almost all acts of public enterprise and philanthropy which mark our age, he was a generous contributor, and this without discrimination of party or sect. The unfortunate children of want around him, in the gloom of sickness and distress, will lament his death, for his charities to them had ever been abundant and seasonable. His estate, which amounted to a large sum for this part of the country, is distributed about equally by his will between his descendants and a great variety of public societies, whose objects he wished to promote.

Wise men say nothing in dangerous times. The lion called the sheep, to ask her if his breath was unpleasant; she said Aye; and he bit off her head for a fool. He called the wolf, and asked him; he said No; he tore him to pieces for a flatterer. At last he called the fox, and asked him; "Truly," said the fox, "I have caught a cold, and cannot smell."

SCHUYLER'S PALACES OF FORTUNE,

Under the new American Museum, Marble buildings, nearly opposite St. Paul's Church Broadway, also at the corner of Park Place and Broadway.

AT SCHUYLER'S celebrated fortunate establishments have been sold more prizes, within the last ten or twelve months, than at any other office in the United States. The following are a part of the splendid capitals actually sold and promptly paid by him, very recently. Nos. 11, 23, 51, $25,000, whole Ticket, sold to a Gentleman from Utica. Nos. 9 34 37 $20,000, sold to a Boarder at the American Hotel, in this city. Nos. 4 18 69 $15,000, sold to a young man from Albany. Nos. 36 45 56 $12,500, whole ticket, sold to a young man of this city. Nos. 10 23 46 $10,000, sent by mail to a Gentleman in Vermont. Nos. 11 37 47 $5,000, sold to Mr. Eccly, 116 Broadway and paid same day in current cash. Nos. 3 5 7 $4,000 sold in a whole ticket; a $4,000 prize was also sold by me to a Sailor, a few months ago, and prizes of $2,000, $1,500, $1,200, $1,000, $500, &c. too numerous to mention.

Drawing of New York Lottery, Extra, drawn 28th April.

28 31 36 27 22

The following Splendid Lotteries are the next in order, to be drawn in this city.

May 5, $40,000, $30,000, $20,000, $10,000—$10. Super[illegible]

May 12, $20,000, $10,000—$5.

May 19, Extra 12—54 No. Lottery—$20,000—$5.

May 26, Extra 13—60 No. Lottery—20,000—$5.

June 2, Extra 14—65 No.—$30,000, $20,000 Tickets $10.

June 9, Extra 15—60 No.—$20,000, $10,000 Tickets $5.

June 16, Extra 16—The Mammoth Scheme—$60,000, $50,000, $40,000, $30,000, $20,000 Tickets $20.

Orders for Tickets in the New York Lottery from any part of the world, (enclosing the cash or prize tickets,) will as usual, receive prompt and confidential attention, and the *Lottery Herald*, a paper published by the subscriber every evening of the day of drawing, sent gratis to all those who order Tickets. The Herald will be found very useful to Merchants and Tavern keepers residing in the country—it contains the official drawings, scheme ahead, correct Price Current, review of the New York Market, list of broken Banks, amusing reading matter, &c. &c. Please address

A. H. SCHUYLER, New York.

FASHIONABLE HAT STORE.

S. WINTERTON, 165 Canal street, 3 doors north of Varick street, has constantly on hand an elegant assortment of Gentlemen's Black and Drab Hats, of the latest fashion; as well as of every other description, as good as can be made at $2 and upwards.

Also an assortment of Caps, Umbrellas, &c.

Persons purchasing at the above place, will have the advantage of getting a good article for less money than at any other store in the city.

April 30.

OXYGEN SOAP.

DISCOVERY. A Soap which has the singular property of making the complexion one shade clearer and ruddier than usual—see evidence see Priestly's experiments touching the same, by the attraction blood and oxygen have for each other, ensuring as purity and florid tint, by absorption through the membrane. Johnson's Medical Reports mention its happy effects in removing eruptions and irritations of the skin, which arise from its peculiar tonic power. Chemical experiments point it out as a simple brightening compound, giving purity of tinge in the above mentioned attraction, also removing and preventing the bilious shade of the same. Sold for the inventor by Dr. Cowles, Marble Building, No's. 2 Chatham square and 2 Catharine street, and James H. Hart, corner Broadway and Chamber st. three doors from Washington Hall, N. Y. Price 50 cents.

SYLVESTER, 130 *Broadway,*

Drawing of the New York Lottery, Extra Class No. 9.

28 31 36 27 22

GRAND work at all lucky SYLVESTER'S—another Capital sold by him—such success was never known before! Remember it is Sylvester who actually sells all the large Prizes—and pays them on demand. The following Lotteries will next be drawn:

Date.	*Class.*	*Highest Prizes.*			*Tick.*
May 5—Ex. No.	10—	$40,000	$30,000	$20,000—	$10
12	11	20,000			5
19	12	20,000			5
26	13	20,000	10,000		5
June 2	14	30,000	20,000		10
9	15	20,000			5

And on the 16th of June, Extra Class No. 16—one of the most Brilliant Schemes ever offered—prizes of $60,000 . $40,000 $30,000 } Tickets, 20,000 10,000 5,000 } are $5 — thus early give them this class as tickets will be scarce.

☞ Orders from any distance by mail meet same attention as on personal application if addressed to

S. J. SYLVESTER,
Licensed Broker, New York.

N. B. Sylvester's *Reporter and Counterfeit Detector* is published every Thursday; it contains the latest news, corrected price current, full list of counterfeit and broken bank notes, bank note table, prices of stocks, shares, rail roads, official schemes and drawings with much other useful matter to persons in trade. All those who deal with Sylvester will have the Reporter gratis, to others 6 1-4 cents.

GEORGE SAUNDERS, 13 Wall street, in submitting his patent Razor Strop, with a Metalic Tablet, to the public, begs to state that he has been for twelve years past trying various methods to bring it to perfection, and that he has succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations. The general approbation he has met with throughout the United States, as well as in England, from several scientific gentlemen, will, he trusts, be sufficient to recommend it to the notice of the public. It would therefore appear arrogant in him were he to say any thing further in its recommendation; but as it may be more satisfactory to the public to have the opinion of some of those distinguished men who have honored him with their approbation, he has deemed it right to insert in this advertisement the following:

The undersigned, having for some time made use of G. Saunders' improved Strop, we can freely testify to its value. The side which he calls the metalic tablet is, as far as we know, a thing of his own introduction into this country; it appears to be an excellent convenient substitute for the hone, and operating on the same principle as steel does upon a table knife, but with far greater smoothness and certainty, it saves the unpleasant necessity of oil or water, to assist in the whetting. The other three sides of the Strop are exceedingly well finished, flat, smooth, and almost elastic, preserving the razor from the roundness of edge which so soon destroys it's keenness.

J. GRISCOM,
VALENTINE MOTT.

P. S. A liberal discount will be made to wholesale purchasers.

Wanted, a few Pocket Book Makers, for manufacturing the above articles. Apply as above.

April 30.

ARTIFICIAL ENAMEL HUMAN EYES.

To all those who have been so unfortunate as to lose an Eye.

DR. SCUDDER, Oculist, respectfully gives notice that he has returned to New York, and can be consulted between the hours of 12 and 2 o'clock, daily, at his office, No. 37 Cortlandt street. All those who have been so unfortunate as to lose an eye, can have the deficiency remedied with a degree of perfection astonishing. Nothing disfigures the face more than the loss of an eye, and it frequently happens that those who have met with the loss exclude themselves from society. The artificial eyes roll, wink, and turn the same as the natural eye, are worn without pain, and will last [illegible] but Being made of the finest flint enamel and highly polished, they possess the brilliancy of the natural organ, and (so far as appearance goes) completely restore the lost beauty of the human face.

April 30.

GENUINE HARROWGATE SALTS.

THE subscriber has just received a supply of the genuine Harrowgate Salts.

The above Salts have been found efficacious in cases of gout, gravel, dyspepsia, and other diseases arising from derangement of the stomach and digestive organs.

The following certificate may not be uninteresting to those who are strangers to the article in this state.

Copy, dated Boston, Dec. 4th, 1830.

"We, the subscribers, having experienced the beneficial effects of the Harrowgate Salts, in complaints proceeding from disordered stomach, most cheerfully recommend them to our fellow citizens as an admirable remedy for restoring a healthy tone to the stomach."

Signed, James Otis, J. C. Sherburn, Henry Perkins, Charles Cluter, Joseph Dexter, E. C. Snider, Richard Jackson, C. Z. Lloyd, Paul Rice, John Clay, Sam'l Brown.

For sale wholesale and retail by

N. B. GRAHAM, Jr.

April 30. No. 38 Cedar, cor. William st.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.

ELIXIR PECTORALE.—VEGETABLE PECTORAL ELIXIR.—The discovery of this invaluable Elixir was the result of ten years close study, in order to discover the causes, symptoms, and cure of all those formidable diseases that prey upon the organs of the chest, namely, consumption, asthma, catarrh, colds, and every species of oppression at the chest. In all cases where this Elixir has been duly administered, its astonishing efficacy over every other article heretofore offered to the public, for the same purpose, has been invariably manifested, convincing the most incredulous that consumption is not incurable if properly attended to.

What is consumption? It is, to the commencement, a slight irritation on the membrane that covers the lungs. It is next an inflammation, when the cough is a little more noticeable, but rather dry. It then becomes a local fever, and the pulse is more frequent, the cheeks are flushed, and chills are common. In its next increase, the external parts of the lungs themselves begin to participate in the fever, the strength fails, the flesh wastes, and sweats are common. As the debility and emaciation increases, small ulcerations, or white hard specks appear, the bowels become irregular, the sleep is disturbed, and in the last stage, violent coughing, profuse cold sweats, constant diarrhea, and hiccoughs close the scene.

How does the Elixir Pectorale operate to cure the above complaints? It determines all morbid irritation and inflammation from the lungs towards the surface, and finally expels them from the system by perspiration or otherwise. It facilitates expectoration, and thus frees the patient from a load of tough plegm, which cannot otherwise be altogether eliminated from the system. It heals the ulcerated surfaces, and relieves the cough and breathing. It supports the strength, while at the same time it reduces the fever.

For sale by the proprietor's sole agent, NATHAN B. GRAHAM, Jr., No. 38 Cedar, corner of William April 30.

CABINET FURNITURE.

J. D. HALSTEAD, 209 Hudson street, offers for sale a general assortment of Cabinet Furniture at the lowest cash prices. April 30.

A CARD.

MR. BARNES informs the inhabitants of New-York, that he has opened a SCHOOL in the Academy situated in New Durham, Bergen county, three miles from Hoboken, for the instruction of children of both sexes, in all the useful branches of English education. People residing in New-York, who wish to find a good situation in the country for their children for the purpose of learning the above branches, will apply to

CHARLES N. BARNES,
or,
MICHAEL FISHER, } Trustees.
JOSEPH DANILSON, }

Terms of tuition, $2 per quarter.

N. B. Board can be obtained at $1 50 cts. per week.

Bergen county, New Durham, March 27th.

April 2

BOSTON CRACKERS.

THE subscriber would inform the public that he continues to manufacture BOSTON CRACKERS, at his old stand, No. 231 DELANCEY, corner of [illegible] street, in a superior manner, and the only establishment where they are made, as they should be, in this city. He has got up the business at a great expense and labor, and hopes, together with his former exertions, and his future attention to the business, he shall merit the patronage of a generous public. WILLIAM BOND, Agent.

Feb 12 6m

ROBERT LOVETT,

Seal engraver on Stone or Metals, 67 Maiden Lane.

COATS of arms, Initials, emblematic subjects engraved on Stone.

Notarial, Consular, and all office seals engraved on Stone, Brass or Silver.

Visiting Cards engraved and printed. Books of Heraldry for the inspection of customers. The armorial bearings of over 100,000 names.

March 26. 1 f9

WARREN'S THRESHING MACHINE.

THESE Machines are manufactured at the old stand No. 7 [illegible] near [illegible] Farmers, and all those who take an interest in [illegible] improvements are invited to call and examine for themselves.—Weight is [illegible] to show its [illegible] the best [illegible] in use.

New York [illegible] 22

FISHING TACKLE.

A. OGSBURY & SON, 77 William, corner of Liberty street, have received an assortment of silk, hair, and hemp Lines, from 20 to 300 feet; Floats of all sizes; Artificial baits, viz., flies, shrimps, minnows, &c.; Hooks of the best quality, to gut or on lines, of different sizes; Cleaning Rings; Swivels; single and multiplying Reels; landing and shrimp Nets; Rods, from 3 to 6 joints; Bags and Boxes together with many other articles in the same line. 3m April 23.

BOARDING.

NOTICE.—That pleasantly situated house No. 40 Courtlandt-street, (within a short distance from the Steam Boats) has been taken for a respectable private Boarding House. Gentlemen wishing to make permanent arrangements from the first of May, will please to call at No. 65 Murray-street. April 2

BROADWAY HOTEL.

THE Long Room attached to the *Broadway Hotel*, No. 401 BROADWAY, and extending to Houston street, 70 by 30 feet, is the largest room in the Eighth Ward, and is now to let for Military or Ward Meetings, Debating Societies, and Cotillion Parties. Apply at the bar. tf—April 23.

STORE TO LET.

IN Broadway, [illegible] of Maiden Lane, at present occupied as a Druggist Store. Two or three Rooms over the store, and a very large Vault in front will be let with it, if required. Apply at WAITE'S, next door for particulars.

NOTICE.

THE celebrated strengthening plaster for pain or weakness, in the breast, back, side or limbs, and for Rheumatic Affections, Liver Complaints, and Dyspepsia for sale at No. 38 Beekman Street. This medicine is the invention of an eminent surgeon, and so numerous are the instances in which the most salutary effects have been produced by it, that it is with the utmost confidence recommended to all who are afflicted with those distressing complaints. The sale of this remedy commenced in May, 1827, from this establishment, and the sales have been very extensive. It affords us great pleasure in stating, notwithstanding a condition was annexed to each sale that if relief was not obtained, the money should be returned; out of those numerous sales, from the period above mentioned, up to the present time, ten only have been returned; and those, upon strict inquiry, were found to be diseases for which they were not recommended. This we trust (when fairly considered) will be the strongest evidence that could possibly be given of its utility.

Where the applicants are known, no money will be required till the trial is made and approved, where they are not known, the money will be returned, provided the benefit above stated is not obtained.

Apply at 38 Beekman, corner of William st.

T. KENSETT.

D. S. TURNER, 45 *Maiden Lane,*

HAS just received, and offers for sale,

- 10-4 and 12-4 heavy London Sheetings;
- 6-4 do. Irish do;
- 6-4 do. Silesian do;
- 7-4, 8-4 and 10-4 Table Diaper, Huckaback and Silesian Toweling, Russia and Scotch Diaper;
- 7-8 and 4-4 heavy Irish Linens;
- 11-4, 12-4 and 13-4 Marseilles Quilts, super Gauze Flannels, Black Italian Lustrings;
- 50 pieces low priced Ginghams;
- 5-4 Waltham Sheetings;
- A variety of articles for Summer Pantaloons;
- Cambric and Furniture Dimity;
- Cambric, Jaconet, and Mull Muslin;
- Fine bleached Shirtings, &c. 3m—April 23

SCISSORS, NEEDLES, PENKNIVES, &c

THE subscribers have constantly on hand an assortment of articles in their line, viz: Needles of the following kinds—drilled, round eyed, sharps, betweens, and ground downs, harness, saddlers', glovers', packing, netting, upholsterers', corset, tambour, cross-stitch, book-binders', darning milliners', knitting, and for bead work.—Scissors Penknives, Frizzing Combs, Curling and Pinching Irons, teeth, nail, and comb Brushes, black Pins, silver and other Thimbles, Tapers, Key Rings, Corkscrews, ivory fine Combs, Bodkins, Larding Pins, Tweezers, iron and brass Paste, Cutters, Tambouring Handles, &c. &c.

April 23.—3m A. OGSBURY & SON.

PIANO FORTES.

T. LOUD, Piano Forte Manufacturer, 433 Broadway, respectfully informs the public that he has on hand an elegant assortment of Piano Fortes, of his own make at such liberal prices as to command a preference, when in addition to a very reduced price, they will be found on trial to be sterling articles, not to be excelled in beauty, durability, fulness of tone and freedom of touch, by any in the city, and but rarely equalled.

N. B. The well known and long established character of T. Loud's Pianos, has been earned by many years assiduous attention and practical experience, both in this country and in London, and are all warranted. Good Piano Fortes to hire, and a large quantity of engraved Music selling off at four, and even three cents the page. 19

STACEY PANCOAST.

Nos. 90 & 92 Centre Street,

At the head of Cortland street, next door to the [illegible] NEW-YORK,

RESPECTFULLY informs his friends and the public in general, that he continues to manufacture Silver and Prince's Metal Plated Ware of all kinds. Also Saddlery, Coach and Harness furniture of every description [illegible] Mouldings, Coach and Gig Lamps of all sizes [illegible] American and Spanish markets; Crests, and every kind of Ornaments; military and [illegible] Buttons, all of which will be finished equal to any imported.

Gentlemen from the country can be accommodated on the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest notice.

N. B. All orders will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

April 22 23

SUPERIOR TOOTH POWDERS.

THE Subscriber begs leave to inform the public that he has prepared four different kinds of Tooth Powders, viz: the Black, the Red, the Brown (Peruvian powder of Dr. Hufeland, body physician to the King of Prussia,) and the White. He particularly calls the attention of Dentists, and of those whose teeth are either decayed or apt to turn black to his White Tooth Powder, whose beneficial properties have of late been approved by the most eminent French Chymists; and the subscriber can warrant it to be superior to any other preparation of the kind. Dr. LEWIS FEUCHTWANGER,

German Drug and Chemical Store, 377 Broadway
Next to the corner of White street.

NOTED CHEAP

HAT, CAP AND STOCK

WAREROOM,

NO. 152 CANAL-STREET

BEAVER HATS, $3 75. Also, beautiful imported [illegible] Satin Beaver Hats, $4 25, or $42 per dozen [illegible] Hats, $2. Men's Youth's and Children's Caps of every description of the best quality, and ten per cent cheaper than any other store in the city.

Boy's Caps from 50 cents each to $2.50.

All kinds of Furs cleaned and repaired.

The public are respectfully invited to call at the above store and examine for themselves.

PALMER & CO.

N. B. One door below Thompson, in Canal street.

Feb 5

E. B. STATT & CO. Visiting, Official, and [illegible] Mercantile Card Engravers and Printers, Consular, Notarial and Counting House Seal Cutters, No 3 Wall [illegible] Plates [illegible] a hours' notice. July

AGENTS FOR THE CONSTELLATION.

Clarksville, Tennessee, F. J. Estson,
Palmyra, New-York, Joel Lee, P. M.
Flemingsburg, Ky., John C. Mullay.
Ithaca, New-York, A. B. Clark.
Mobile, Alabama, Charles Thomas.
Tamaqua, Pennsylvania, Abraham Rex, P. M.
Lexington, North Carolina, D. F. Rounsaville
New Brunswick, New Jersey, Reuben Ayres
Portland, Maine, Samuel Coleman, bookseller
Portsmouth, New Hampshire, N. March, bookseller
Saugerties, New-York, J. Russell, P.M.
Troy, New-York, Clark & Hosford, booksellers
Taunton, Mass. Joseph L. Lord, P.M.
Albany, N. Y. Little & Cummings, Booksellers.
Lancaster, Pa. Thomas Feran.
Hebron, Ct. J. B. & D. Lord.
New-London, Ct.—J. Geo. Harris.
Middle Granville, Mass. F. G. Baker.

☞ Post Masters and others, procuring Subscribers, and transmitting the money agreeably to the terms of THE CONSTELLATION, are allowed a commission of *ten per cent.*